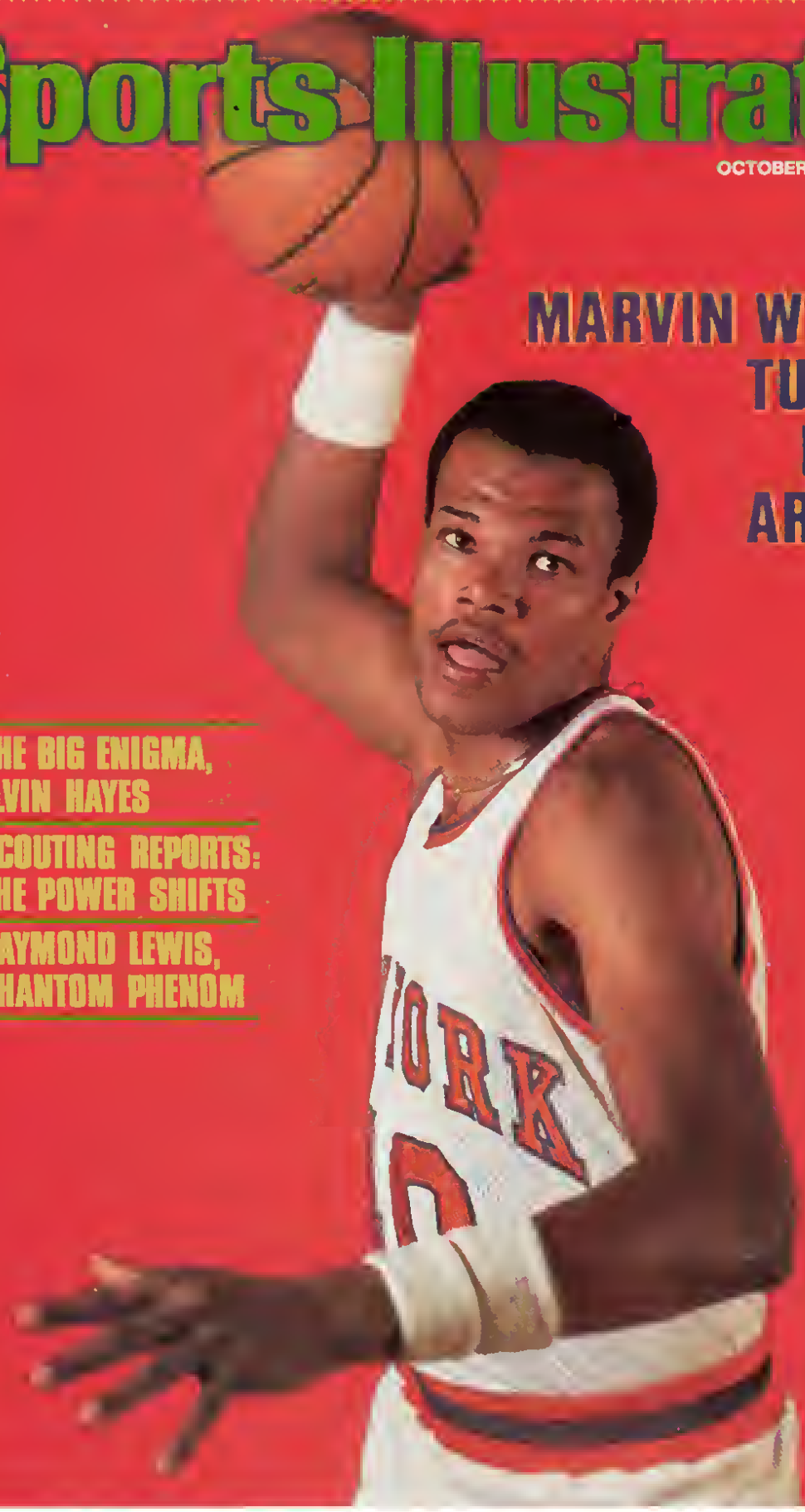
PRO BASKETBALL ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 16, 1978 $1.25

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THE BIG ENIGMA, ELVIN HAYES

SCOUTING REPORTS: THE POWER SHIFTS

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The Mustang Ghia 2-Door. (above)

Mustang 3-Door Sport. (below)



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IT'S HOCKEY TIME AGAIN. Scouting reports separate the contenders from the pretenders in both leagues, E. M. Swift assays the NHL's fine second-year defensemen and Bruce Newman visits the WHA's peripatetic pox on franchises, Andre Lacroix

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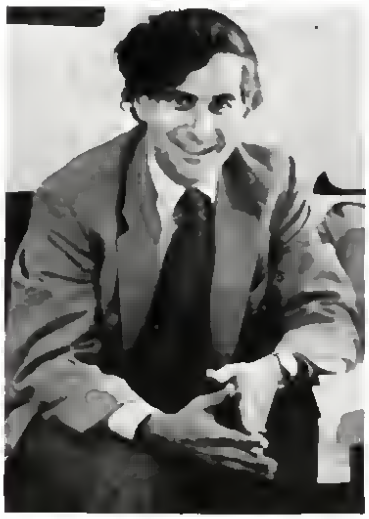
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



PADWE: READY WITH SET, NOWHERE TO GO

What better person to assemble our annual pro basketball preview, which begins on page 42, than a 5′ 8″ former forward and guard for Pennsylvania's Wyoming Seminary who was taught to dribble by Mendy Rudolph's father. Senior Editor Sandy Padwe was a natural, if only because he can recite the names of the 1954-55 Syracuse Nats ("Wally Osterkorn, Red Rocha . . . ").

Padwe's lifelong passion for the game began in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., where Harry Rudolph held court. Rudolph ran the sports program at the Jewish Community Center, served as commissioner of the Eastern Basketball League and owned a newsstand in town—all that apart from siring a famous referee. When Padwe wasn't dribbling around bowling pins for Harry, he was either at the newsstand poring over NBA box scores in the New York papers or watching the Wilkes-Barre Barons play the Scranton Miners. Padwe cherishes his memories of the EBL. "There were some great players in that league," he says. "It was the only place the guys involved in the fixing scandals could play. Sherman White was as good as any big center in the NBA at the time."

In prep school Padwe learned a lesson in humility as captain of the basketball team. Wyoming Seminary had to play state-champion contender Swoyersville, and Captain Padwe wound up trying to guard 6′ 4″ Charlie Sieminski, later a tackle for the San Francisco 49ers. Padwe played brilliantly in holding the score down to 76–24.

When it came time to matriculate at Penn State, Padwe had already realized that his future was at the press table and not out there on the court. "I was caught between eras," he says. "I had mastered the two-hand set shot just when everybody started using the jump shot." As sports editor of the *Daily Collegian*, Padwe refused to be snowed under by Penn State football. "The school never took basketball seriously," he says. "The players used to have to wait for the gymnastics team to finish before they could use the floor. That's how low on the rung they were."

After college and the Army, Padwe went to work for United Press International, first in Pittsburgh, then New York. From there his career continued to bounce: in 1964 he joined the Newspaper Enterprise Association as a sportswriter, and in 1967 he became a sports columnist for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. Six years later he became assistant sports editor at Long Island's *Newsday*, and last fall he came to SI to take charge of horse racing, swimming and, this year, pro basketball.

Padwe's one regret is that there's little room in a sports magazine for ballet, his other great love. "Dancers are the ultimate athletes," he says. "I have seen moves by dancers that match some of the things Julius Erving does.

"And talk about depth. A lot of dancers in the New York City Ballet could step out of the corps right into the top roles." Spoken like a true basketballetomane.

Peter E. Sutton



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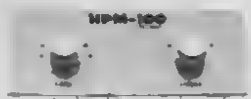
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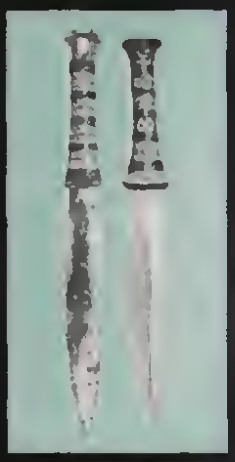
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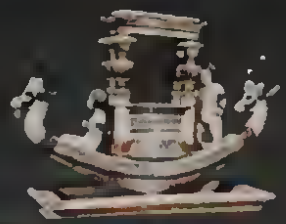
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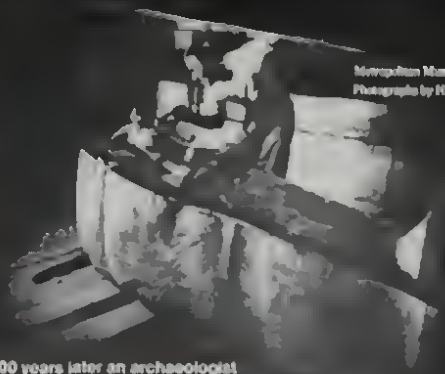
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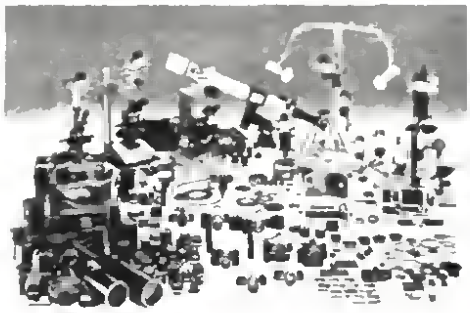
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BOOKTALK

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

THE EFFECTS OF WATER POLLUTION ARE WORSE THAN PREVIOUSLY THOUGHT

Not many fishermen will ever hear of *Aquatic Pollutants and Biologic Effects, with Emphasis on Neoplasia*, much less pay $52 for a copy, but this 604-page paperback, consisting of papers presented at a 1976 conference held by The New York Academy of Sciences, is of tremendous significance not only to fishermen but also to anyone who drinks water from a lake or river.

Nowadays pollution means far more than dumping human wastes into a body of water. Water treatment plants can stop the danger of infectious waterborne diseases such as typhoid fever, but they do not eliminate the host of toxic chemicals that have been spewed into the environment in the post-World War II industrial boom. Some of these chemicals are carcinogenic, and because scientists generally agree that 60% to 90% of all human cancers are caused by environmental agents, the study of aquatic pollution takes on critical importance. As Dr. H. F. Kraybill of the National Cancer Institute remarks in his editor's introduction to *Aquatic Pollutants*, "The realization that neoplasms [new and abnormal formation of tissues, as in tumors] are occurring in finfish and shellfish and that a tumor incidence may appear to be associated with the extent of pollution introduces a new dimension . . . in terms of human cancer." In other words, if fish and clams are getting tumors, what's happening to humans?

In one paper, Dr. John C. Harshbarger, director of the Registry of Tumors in Lower Animals at the Smithsonian, notes that " . . . the frequency of fish neoplasms has increased substantially" since the 1940s when the production of synthetic organic chemicals began to soar. Harshbarger points out that most fish with neoplasms are bottom feeders; this is presumably because carcinogenic chemicals adhere to sediments that have settled.

The paper by Dr. R. A. Sonstegard, then at the University of Guelph in Ontario, reads like a scientific detective story. Sonstegard compared fish he caught in the 1970s—and he collected 50,000 in the Great Lakes—with specimens of the same species collected for museums years earlier. He examined goldfish-carp hybrids found off the mouth of the Rogue River in Michigan in 1952. None had tumors. By contrast, the hybrids he collected two decades later at the same site showed "tumor frequencies as high as 100% in older males." According to Sonstegard, this indicates that since the early 1950s "either chemical or a battery of environmental factors that have on-

continued

Stars and stripes

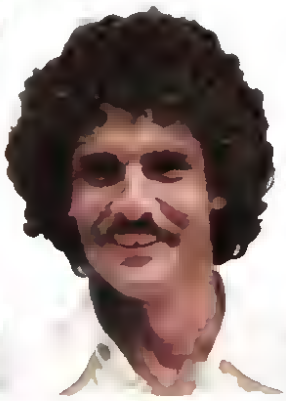


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cogenic potential have been discharged into the Great Lakes."

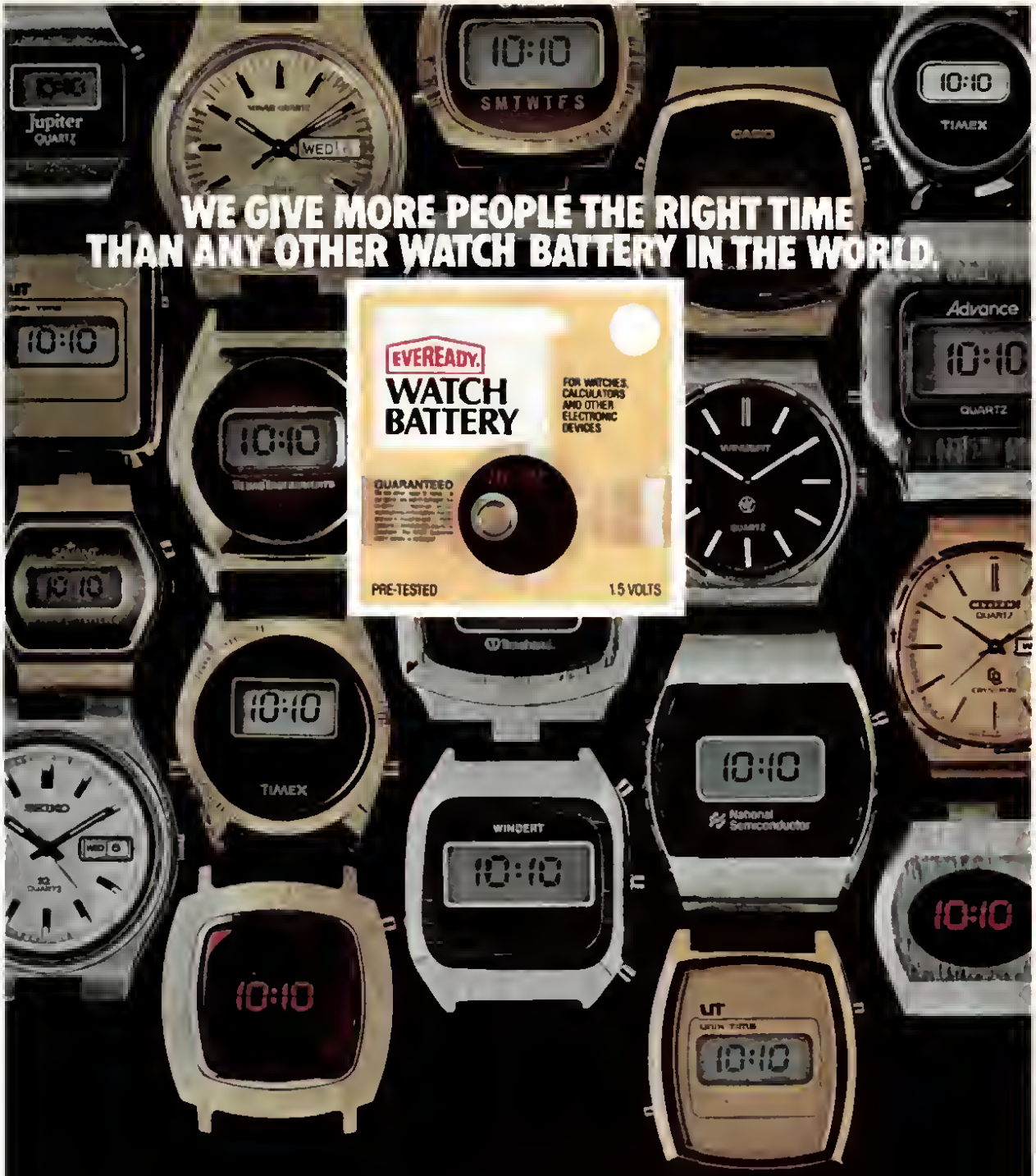
Sonstegard also studied the white suckers in the Great Lakes, which occasionally suffer from cauliflower-like tumors known as papillomas. Because white suckers with papillomas on various parts of the body have widespread geographic distribution, it was thought that these sporadic tumors were a natural part of the scheme of things. Not so. Sonstegard's studies in Lake Ontario showed that the tumor incidence increased greatly in areas with a variety of industrial and domestic wastes, such as Burlington Harbour where an inordinately high proportion of the suckers (29.6%) had papillomas. Wrote Sonstegard, "It is particularly relevant that the frequency of occurrence decreased drastically in collections made at varying distances in both directions from this region."

The potential danger of polluted water to humans comes from two sources. Some researchers, notably Dr. Robert H. Harris of the Environmental Defense Fund, have indicated a possible relationship between cancer mortalities of white males in New Orleans and the fact that they drank water drawn from the Mississippi, a veritable chemical cocktail. "Although the results of the New Orleans study cannot yet be considered as conclusive evidence that cancer is, in fact, being caused by contaminated water," Sonstegard writes, "these very suggestive findings must be fully taken into consideration."

Another danger to humans—and it is one that is potentially far greater—comes from eating fish taken from polluted waters. Fish can accumulate, or "bioconcentrate," chemicals at levels much higher than those in the surrounding water. In the discussion that follows Sonstegard's paper, J. J. Black remarked that he and his colleagues at the Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo calculated that "you would have to drink water from the Great Lakes for about 2,000 years to consume the quantity of potential carcinogens that you obtain in one 500-gram serving of Great Lakes fish."

But cancer is not the only deleterious result of polluted water. After summarizing some case histories (e.g., the infamous methyl mercury poisoning in Japan that caused congenital cerebral palsy and the lead in the water pipes of Glasgow that was suspected of having caused lowered IQs in children), Dr. Robert Miller of the National Cancer Institute added, "From the foregoing, it is clear that contamination of water has shrunk the size of newborn babies, starved others of oxygen, pustulated the skin for years in persons of all ages, caused bones to ache with every step, and addled the brains of newborns, children, and adults. With this array of adverse effects on the integrity of the human organism, is there really a need to invoke the specter of cancer to achieve clean water?"

Good question. **END**



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GM

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SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH PILEGGI

EYE-OPENER

Two months ago the Humane Society of the United States received at its Washington, D.C. headquarters an anonymous letter from an employee at the Waterford Park Race Track in Chester, W. Va. It said, in part, "Since they, the management of Waterford Park, have been putting pea gravel on the track instead of sand, we have treated 600 to 1,000 eyes this year for dents, cuts, ulcers and blindness. Today the veterinarian removed the 31st eye of a thoroughbred in 1978."

Field investigator Marc Paulhus, assigned to the case by the society, spent 10 days in West Virginia collecting witnesses' statements and evidence, much of it in clandestine interviews with trainers afraid to speak out for fear the track management would retaliate by denying them stall space.

On the basis of Paulhus' work, the Humane Society and its lawyers decided that the practice of using pea gravel on the track at Waterford Park may well constitute a continuing pattern of violation of the West Virginia anticruelty statutes, and the society threatened to seek prosecution under West Virginia's criminal statutes if the practice were not discontinued.

The owner of Waterford Park is a billion-dollar conglomerate called the Ogden Corporation. The corporation replied to the Humane Society by saying, in essence, that a horse hit in the eye with gravel is better off than one hit in the eye by dirt clods and stones, as happens on other surfaces at other tracks, and that, therefore "we continue to feel our racing surface is in the best interest of the horse."

Dr. Dean H. Peterson, who was a Waterford Park veterinarian for four years and who removed about three eyes a year while he was there, says, "I think the track conditions are such that they cause more eye injuries than other surfaces would cause. I've heard a lot of trainers talk about boycotting the entry box, but they're too poor. A guy trying to train 10 broken-down horses and having problems getting his owners to pay their bills can't afford to boycott."

John Shryock, a trainer, recently spoke to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Demmie Stathoplos about racing at Waterford. Digging the toe of his boot into the deep layer of gravel at the rail on the far turn at Waterford Park, he said, "It's awful. I used to train here, but I left and went to New Orleans because of this surface. My daughter's riding in this race here. She's a 16-year-old apprentice jockey. Name's Debbie. She's been riding here one week and she's gone through 21 pairs of goggles. They get all scratched and pitted from the gravel. She comes home with red marks all over her body, her arms and legs, from being hit by the gravel. It's the worst track we've ever been on."

The track's manager, Howard Graham, assessed the efforts of the Humane Society as follows: "I think they're a shyster outfit, and I think they're strictly after publicity, and I don't want to honor them by getting into any debate with them."

Fortunately the debate is already on, and it would seem to be a debate that warrants as much publicity as it can get.

ONLY A GAME

A colleague of ours was recently invited to play golf at Long Island's Piping Rock Club with James Van Alen, the 76-year-old innovator who gave tennis the tiebreaker and who is currently campaigning to have the game's scoring system changed to "no-ad"—first player to win four points wins the game. With all this in mind, our man was not entirely surprised when he was told by Van Alen that he could use only one club, plus putter, for his round. Van Alen's rules are simple enough: the player hits two balls off the tee with his club—in our colleague's case, a six-iron. He selects the better shot and hits two more until he has reached the green. From there in he putts only one ball.

Although purists may shudder, our man, who has played a lot of golf in his time, came away remarkably refreshed. The 18 holes had taken less than two hours and, with only two clubs to carry, he had needed neither caddy nor cart. His mood was cheery, the Van Alen format having eliminated the worst shots, and he had hit some of the best irons of his life, probably, he theorizes, because he was never tempted to overswing as he might have with a driver.

Van Alen's game is not golf, but our colleague didn't mind. He says that when he uses 14 clubs and one ball it isn't necessarily golf either.

DOUBLING UP

Apprentice jockey Kathy Antus, 21, broke her maiden, as they say, in the first race at Commodore Downs in Erie, Pa. a couple of weeks ago. The winner, Marget Lea, who paid $4.60, is owned and trained by Kathy's father, J. L. Hammer,



a furniture-store owner from North East, Pa., who says that his "boy" "is a very good rider."

The family celebration had hardly begun, however, when Larry Antus, 23, the third-leading rider at Commodore and Kathy's husband of three years, rode Money Cash ($7.80) to victory in the second race.

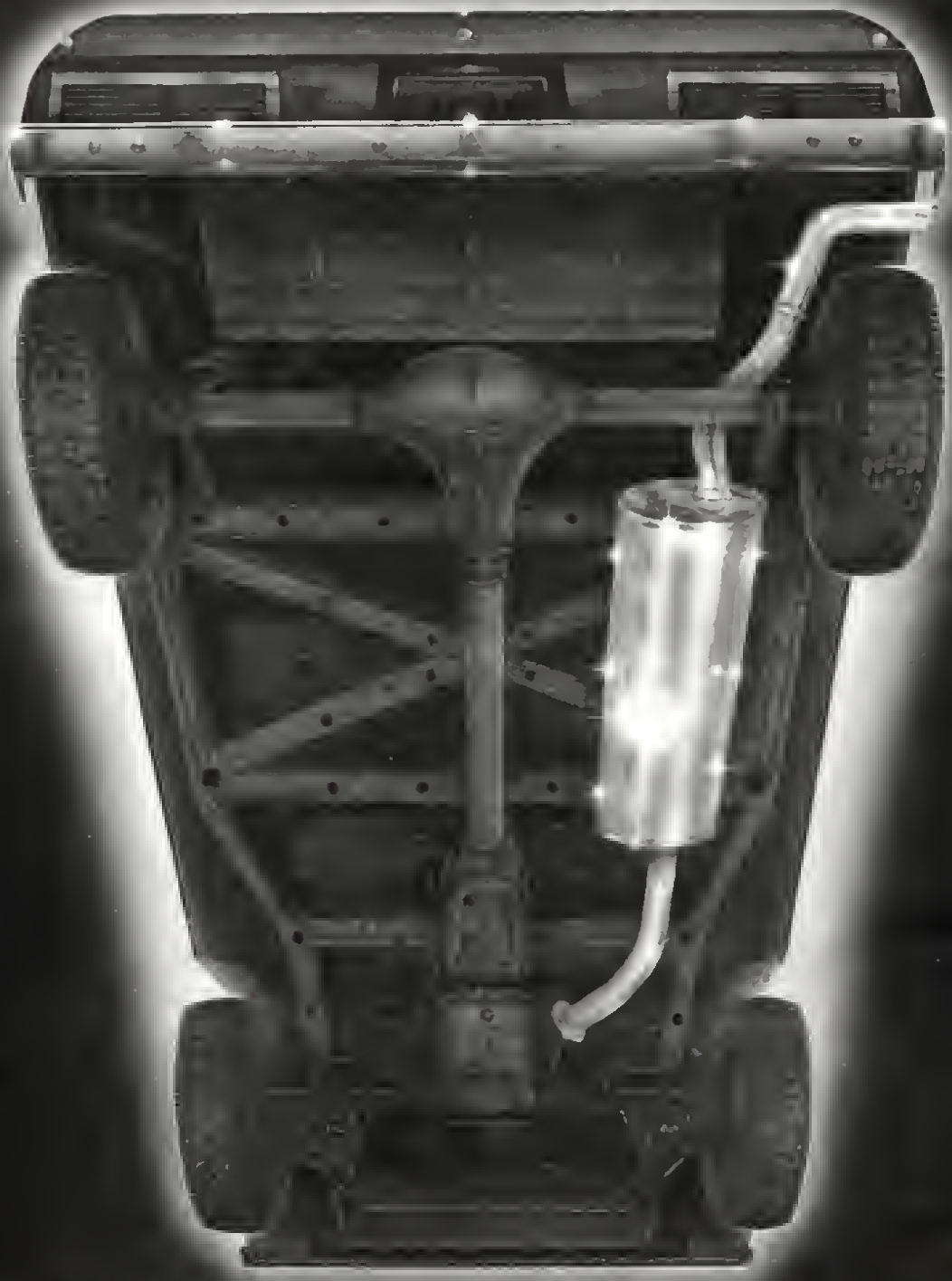
As far as anyone knows, it was the first time a husband and wife had ever ridden a daily double. The happy coupling paid $22.20.

STATE OF MIND

It has been said that there are three seasons in Texas—football, spring football and recruiting. A survey published by

continued

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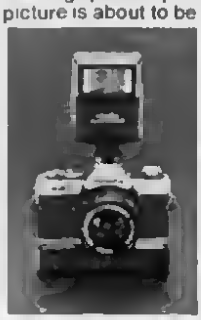
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Pro, the NFL's magazine, supports the notion. More NFL players (179) were born in Texas than anywhere else. California is second with 151 and Ohio third with 95. But here's a fact to conjure with: twice as many NFL players were born in Poland as in Nevada. Green Bay's Chester Marcol and New Orleans' Rich Szaro, both placekickers, are from Poland. Oakland's David Humm is from Las Vegas.

GOOD GNUS

"If you can remember where the Kansas City Chiefs originated, or San Diego's Chargers, or recall the AFL New York original nickname—or Oakland's—then you will survive in the G F L." So says, in slightly confusing prose, the weekly *Gnus* of the Gnational Foothall League, which arrives in a plain brown envelope with a Santa Rosa, Calif. postmark.

The eight northern California teams of the GFL—Tiburon Hot Tubs, Walnut Creek Weasels, San Mateo Critical Rays, Humboldt Crabs, etc.—held a draft of NFL players during the summer to establish 15-man rosters, and each week during the season the club "owner" sends his starting lineup—one quarterback, two running backs, two receivers and a kicker—to the commissioner, Mike Carey, a former University of San Francisco sports information director who lives in Sebastopol. The winners of the weekly GFL "games" are determined by the scoring of each team's six starters in NFL play that week.

According to Commissioner Carey, a typical GFL game was the season opener between the Big Plum Buckeyes (now the Big Plum Pits) and the Sonoma Geysers (now the Sebastopol Escargot). The Geysers appeared to be on their way to a narrow victory over the Buckeyes thanks to Dan Pastorini's two touchdown passes against Atlanta and Chuck Muncie's two touchdowns against Minnesota, even though Rafael Septien had missed two field goals in Dallas' 38–0 win over the Colts. *But*, when one of Pastorini's touchdown passes was belatedly ruled a lateral, instead of the Geysers winning 41–38, the Buckeyes came out on top, 38–35.

Within minutes of the decision, Rank Link, a disciple of Woody Hayes and general manager of the Geysers, kicked in the mailbox of his opposite number on the Buckeyes, thereby forcing the commissioner's office to take a stand against the "criminal element" surfacing in the GFL.

Trades are frequent in the league and they are reported weekly in the gnusletter. For instance, last week: "When the Escargot had lost Bob Griese, Doug Williams and Pastorini to injuries, it sent Chuck Foreman to the Walnut Creek Weasels for Dan Fouts, whereupon Foreman rewarded his new team with a Monday night touchdown against the Chicago Bears that helped the Weasels nip the Critical Rays, 15–9."

It could develop into the gnational pastime.

EXCUUUSE ME

Long Beach State Coach Dave Currey winced as Cornerback Scotty Byers made a tackle near the bench in a game against Southwest Louisiana. The hit was so crunching that Byers' helmet popped off and flew down the field. Currey rushed toward his player to see if he was hurt.

"What's your name?" the coach shouted anxiously.

"Who wants to know?" replied Byers.

Currey sent him back in.

GOLD MINOR

A New York tout sheet is offering fans the pro football picks of a 10-year-old named Jamie the Greek.

MISSISSIPPI MURK

In spite of federal investigations piled on million-dollar slander suits and misappropriation on top of misappropriation, the mess surrounding the Ali-Spinks fight in New Orleans (SI, Oct. 2) has a certain absurd quality that keeps it from attaining full scandal status.

The latest development, reported last week by WVUE, ABC's New Orleans affiliate, adds another layer. The company known as Louisiana Sports, Inc., which bought from Top Rank, the promoter, the rights to the live gate plus certain ancillary rights, and which was thought to be owned equally by four men—Jake DiMaggio, Phillip Ciaccio, Don Hubbard and Sherman Copelin—now appears to have had a fifth owner. According to WVUE's report, Charles Roemer, the state commissioner of administration, was given 10% ownership. The absurd part is where that 10% came from.

Don Hubbard, one of the four supposedly equal owners, is said to have had, in fact, an extra 10%, which he was granted for additional promotional work he had done. Hubbard, says WVUE, sold his extra 10% to a Monroe, La. businessman named Morris Carroll for $175,000, then gave $150,000 of that amount to Roemer and kept $25,000 for himself.

Carroll, the previously silent partner, is talking now, up to a point. He told WVUE that, yes, he bought a 10% share, and, yes, the amount was $175,000 and, no, he has not made a dime back on his investment and, no, he has no idea where or to whom his money went. The point at which Carroll stopped talking was when WVUE asked him how he became involved with Louisiana Sports, Inc. in the first place.

Roemer, the state official, is talking for only so long as it takes to say, "Not true."

Stay tuned.

OUT OF BOUNDS

Cheerleaders, clad and unclad, were an item on the agenda at the NFL owners' meetings in Chicago last week. Tighter screening methods to weed out undesirables, and contractual restrictions on offfield conduct such as posing nude for national magazines were suggested, but the gist of the discussion, said Pete Rozelle, was that cheerleaders should remain the concern of the individual clubs. "We adopted a hands-off policy," was the way Rozelle put it.

COLD COMFORT

The NHL is trying out a rule during its exhibition season that requires all players not involved in a fight to go directly to their benches. Of course the rule is being ignored, which means that after every fight every team gets a bench penalty. In a recent Buffalo-Montreal game, rookie Forward Cam Botting served four Buffalo bench penalties, prompting a TV man to announce, "Botting is Buffalo's designated sitter."

THEY SAID IT

- Eddie Lewis of the 49ers, discussing his position: "Playing cornerback is like being on an island; people can see you but they can't help you."
- Fran Tarkenton, Minnesota quarterback, on being booed for failing to engineer a Viking touchdown: "I've been playing this game for 18 years and I haven't yet figured a way to get into the end zone when you're on your rear end."
- Mareen (Peanut) Louie, tennis player, on why she is turning pro at 18: "I hate homework." END



The 1979 Buick Electra.

How you get there is as important as where you're going.

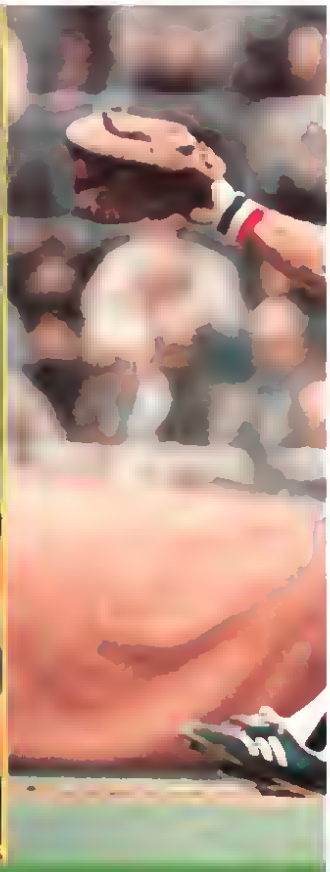
BUICK

After all, life is to enjoy.



Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 16, 1978

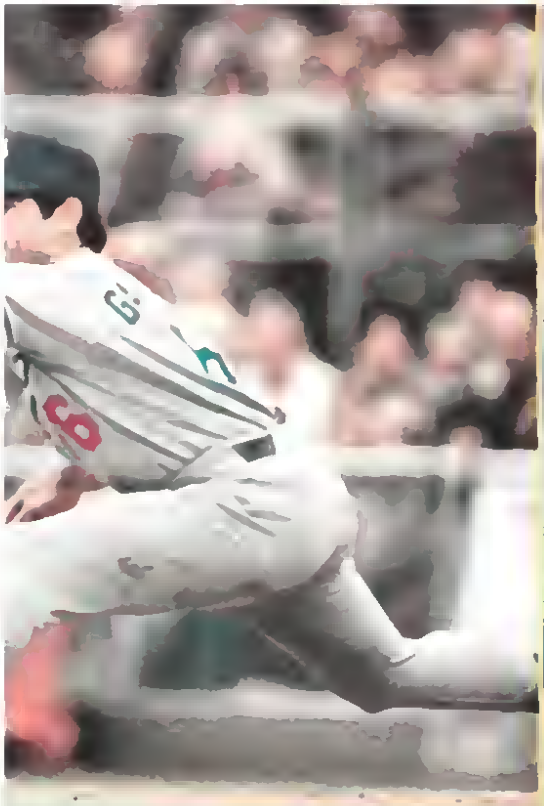




SERVING UP TWO









OVER EASY

In a pair of four-game series, the Dodgers fried the Phillies (above) to successfully defend their National League title, while the Yankees scrambled the Royals to win their third consecutive pennant.





TWO SMASHUPS AND A SLIPUP

by Ron Fimrite

Garry Maddox proceeded solemnly among the multitudes that had come to rejoice in his humiliation, opening a narrow path through them as he trotted almost leisurely in from centerfield. It was as if rushing away from the disaster would acknowledge that it had actually happened, as if moving at a measured pace would make it a mere illusion. When he crossed into foul territory, Maddox slowed to a walk as dozens of agile youngsters leaped from the dugout roof and alighted all around him like vultures approaching carrion. He paused for an instant at the lip of the dugout and dreamily rubbed his sleeve over his eyes. Then he dropped from sight.

So ended the 1978 baseball season for the Phillies, 4–3 losers to the Dodgers in the fourth and last game of the National League Championship Series last Saturday. And what an unhappy ending it was for them. The Phillies had come to Los Angeles after dropping the first two playoff games at home, in Veterans Stadium, where they had won 54 of 82 regular-season contests and were considered virtually unbeatable in important games. They departed Philadelphia with the boos of their volatile fans resounding in their ears and the notion firmly implanted in most onlookers' minds that the Phillies did not belong on the same field as the Dodgers. After all, hadn't Los Angeles outscored Philadelphia 13–5 in the first two games? And hadn't the Phillies played in such lackluster fashion and the Dodgers in such a sparkling manner that even the lopsided scores were too modest an indication of the disparity between the clubs? While Philadelphia seemed to be raising the error of omission and the double-play grounder into art forms, the Dodgers were hitting five home runs, fielding with aplomb and getting superb stints from pitchers as different in style as they are in age, 35-year-old Tommy John and 21-year-old Bob Welch.

But on the flight west the Phillies hit on a devil-may-care approach to their dilemma. Down two games to none in the best three-of-five series, about to play the Dodgers in *their* home, chided by even their most devoted followers as perennial choke artists, they decided to laugh at danger. As Coach Billy DeMars explained it, "We knew we had done lousy. We got on that plane and thought, 'What the hell, let's enjoy ourselves.' We drank a lot of beer and had a lot of fun."

The Dawn Patrol, tomorrow-we-die stance worked, at least briefly. Behind the hitting and pitching of Steve Carlton, the least jaunty of a usually cheerless bunch, the Phillies won 9–4 on Friday at Dodger Stadium and, miraculously, seemed to find old confidence in the newfound buoyancy. On Saturday they tenaciously matched the Dodgers tit for tat and homer for homer, in the process threatening to turn what promised to—and ultimately would—be a rout of a se-

TWO LONG CLOUTS AND A ROUT

by Larry Keith

Kansas City Manager Whitey Herzog was sitting in the visitors' dugout at Yankee Stadium early last Saturday evening when the scoreboard showed that Los Angeles had again defeated Philadelphia in the National League Championship Series. Did the Phillies choke, Herzog was asked. "Nah, they didn't choke," he answered, no doubt aware of the possible comparison with his own team. "The Dodgers are just better. The regular season doesn't mean a thing when you get into the playoffs." A few hours later, the inevitable having occurred, the same scoreboard showed that New York had eliminated K C in the American League playoffs. Should anyone wonder, the Royals did not choke. The Yankees are just better. The regular season does not mean a thing when you get into the playoffs. Just ask Whitey Herzog.

New York found a different way to win the pennant this year. Instead of pulling it out in the ninth inning of the fifth game, as the Yankees did in 1976 and '77, they won in a breezy four. The rivals traded easy victories in Kansas City, New York winning the first 7–1 and the Royals the second 10–4, and the Yankees took the close ones at home 6–5 and 2–1. "Very little separates these two teams," Royal Darrell Porter insisted. "I just wish somebody would print that."

Happy to oblige, Darrell. Very little does separate the Royals from the Yankees, but that small difference is what makes K C a good team and New York a superb one. For the third straight October the Yankees won the tight ones; they are 6–0 in playoff games decided by one or two runs. And they also had almost all of the clutch hits; New York has rallied to win six times, Kansas City only once. No Royal seems to understand the importance of this more than Designated Hitter Hal McRae, who said after the lively and dramatic Game 3, "We had the lead, but just as always they beat us in the last innings. We can play perfect baseball and they still beat us."

This was certainly true of Saturday's final game. The Royals' George Brett, the star of the series, led off the night with a triple, and McRae followed with a vicious single through the middle that almost claimed the dark Cajun head of Yankee Pitcher Ron Guidry. A 1–0 lead would usually have been enough with Kansas City's Dennis Leonard throwing a four-hitter, but two of those hits were home runs. Graig Nettles tied the game with a blast to right center in the second, and Roy White hooked one around the rightfield foul pole in the sixth. That was all the margin Guidry and reliever Rich Gossage needed. Throw in a couple of dazzling Yankee defensive plays—an over-the-shoulder catch by Centerfielder Mickey Rivers in the second and a diving stab behind third base by Net-



Steve Yeager gave John five after the Dodger lefty gave the Phillies nothing in the second game

nies into a cliffhanger. They loaded the bases on lefthander Doug Rau with nobody out in the first inning but failed to score. No matter. When the Dodgers got a run in the second, they came back in the third with Greg Luzinski's two-run homer. Ron Cey's home run in the fourth tied the game, and one by Steve Garvey, who was the Dodgers' most destructive force in the series with four homers, a triple and a double, put Los Angeles ahead 3–2. So? In the seventh Philadelphia's Bake McBride, pinch-hitting for Relief Pitcher Warren Brusstar, hit one into the Phillies' bullpen. The score held at 3–3 into the 10th. After three laughers, this game had become the grueling, tense sort of struggle that should epitomize championship baseball.

Then in the bottom of the 10th, with two outs and Cey on base after a walk, the Dodgers' Dusty Baker lined a Tug McGraw pitch to dead centerfield. Maddox, a three-time Gold Glove winner who may be the best centerfielder around, moved in for the catch. It was past four in the afternoon, and the smog that had settled on the diamond like a

tles in the eighth—and even Porter had to admit, "They are a pressure ball club."

The Royals were no match for this kind of confidence and cool. One Kansas City player said privately that he was one of only three men on the roster who were not afraid of the Yankees. Brett, one of the fearless trio, would not go along with a judgment that harsh but he did admit, "Our fans don't think we can win. The Kansas City sportswriters don't think we can win. Nobody in the country thinks we can win."

This was understandable after the Royals' listless performance in Game 1. Kansas City got only two hits off rookie Jim Beattie and an unheralded reliever named Ken Clay. Manager Bob Lemon was forced to use Beattie as his opening-game starter because Guidry, his ace, had pitched in the previous day's playoff against the Red Sox for the Eastern Division title. While the Royals failed to hit, the Yankees were bombing Leonard and three other pitchers for 16 hits. New York's need to start Beattie was supposed to give the Royals a big advantage in the series; instead Game 1 was a windfall for the Yankees. DH Reggie Jackson stirred the air with three hits, including a homer, three RBIs and two runs.

Jackson's hard knocks did not end with the game. Despite an attempt to share accolades with his teammates, he was finally prodded into speaking of himself and his old antagonist, Billy Martin. "I don't want to talk about the problems of the past," Jackson said, warming to the subject. "I had too good a night to drag him into this. I'm tired of making the cat famous. Let him do something of his own. I made Charlie Finley famous. I'll make somebody else famous, too."

For a man who was variously reported to be hunting in South Dakota with a Chinese restaurateur and attending the opening of a shopping center in Oklahoma City, the absent Martin was a big presence in K.C. After Game 2 it was Royal Larry Gura's turn to rap Billy. Martin, who never considered Gura much of a pitcher, ridiculed him during last year's playoffs. After allowing only two runs in 6⅓ innings, Gura received credit for the second-game victory and had an opportunity to get in some licks of his own. "If Martin was still here, we'd probably be playing the Sox," he said.

The Royals did plenty of damage at the plate, too, banging three pitchers for 16 hits. Yankee starter Ed Figueroa left without retiring one of the four batters he faced in the second inning. "This is the only team in the league I can't pitch against," he said, referring to his 2–9 lifetime record against the Royals. "Maybe they have my number." They have more than that, if Brett is to be believed. "We know what he's throwing," Brett says. "When he goes like this [three-quarter delivery], it's a sinker, and when he goes like this [overhand], it's the gasser."

That may have explained Brett's leadoff single against Figueroa in Game 2 but not his playoff-record three home runs off Catfish Hunter in Game 3. Yet every time Brett would hit one, the Yankees would answer right back. After Brett led off the first with a homer, Jackson did the same in the second. Brett put the Royals ahead again in the third, but hits by Thurman Munson, Jackson and Lou Piniella and an error gave the Yankees a 3–2 lead in the fourth. Brett tied the game

continued

veil was fast being supplanted by fading sunlight and deepening shadows. But Maddox had the ball clearly in sight. It dropped into his glove as expected. Then it dropped out and fell at his feet for an error. There were now runners at first and second, and Phillie and Dodger fans alike had the sense there was great portent in Maddox' gaffe. Indeed, the next hitter, Bill Russell, hit McGraw's second pitch into center for a clean single. Maddox, desperate to atone for his blunder, raced toward the ball, hoping somehow to cut down Cey at the plate. He tried to scoop it up one-handed for a quick throw, but it rolled away from him. No matter. He would have had no chance to catch the jubilant Cey even if he had made the play cleanly. There was nothing to do now but undertake the long trek through the celebrants to a clubhouse that would once again be as devoid of cheer as an all-night coffee shop.

The Maddox Muff was remarkably similar to the most infamous boner of them all, the Giants' Fred Snodgrass dropping Clyde Engle's fly ball in the 10th inning of the final game of the 1912 World Series in Boston. The Red Sox went on to win that game 3–2, and poor Snodgrass, like Maddox an excellent player, achieved a dubious immortality.

After the game Phillie Captain Mike Schmidt complained that his team hit in deplorable luck all day, that the Dodgers were dropping mortar shots into unoccupied ground while Phillie rockets were finding populated areas. Take the first inning when Jose Cardenal hit one with the bases loaded that sought out Shortstop Russell's glove for a harmless second out. Similar loud outs were recorded by Philadelphia's Bob Boone in the fourth and ninth innings, by Starting Pitcher Randy Lerch in the second and fourth, by Luzinski in the sixth and by Schmidt himself in the seventh. A foot or two either way and. . . . The dreary fact is that the Phillies are either unlucky in postseason games or they are perpetually swallowing the apple, because their record of futility in the "crooshals" is unequaled. They lost to the Red Sox four games to one in the 1915 World Series; to the Yankees 4–0 in the 1950 Series, to the Reds 3–0 in the 1976 playoffs; and to the Dodgers 3–1 both this year and last, a total of three wins and 17 losses in championship competition.

Phillie Manager Danny Ozark, a good, gentle man with a face like a deflated football, could only say that some changes seem imminent on a team that has won three consecutive division titles. One of them, he did not add, might well involve Ozark himself, who suffers annual rumors of his own dismissal. "There isn't a guy in this room," said Pitcher Dick Ruthven after losing the second game, "who isn't disappointed as hell, and there isn't a guy in here who isn't trying his damndest."

Try as they might, the Phillies did not have enough to match the "emotionally high" Dodgers. "Emotion plays an important part in the playoffs and the Series," said Los Angeles Captain Davey Lopes, a taut wire himself. "You can tell when a team is high. You can tell by how vociferous they are in the dugout. You can tell by their facial expressions. You play with guys for a time, you can see these changes. There is so much at stake—pride, money." As if such factors

in the fifth, and Jackson untied it with a sacrifice fly in the sixth.

The pattern changed in the eighth when each team scored twice without any more fireworks by Brett or Jackson. With one out in the decisive home half of the inning, White singled to center and Herzog replaced lefthander Paul Splittorff, bringing in righty Doug Bird to pitch to the righthanded Munson. Herzog is always making percentage moves like that. They usually work from April through September, but not all that often in October. Herzog wanted a double play; instead Bird threw a high fastball that Munson launched 430 feet.

Although Munson's homer won the game, the difference between the two teams could be seen in other ways, too. With disastrous frequency, the Royals committed the kind of misplay that can mean defeat in games at this level of competition. There was Fred Patek throwing the ball into the stands in the fourth, allowing a run to score. There were the two runners stranded at third base, in the second with one out and in the sixth with none out. There was Amos Otis forgetting there were two outs in the third and failing to score from first on Porter's double. Ooh, ouch, ow!

Most painful of all was Kansas City's plight after the defeat in Game 3: the Royals trailed 2–1 in the series, with Guidry rested and ready. "Cy Young," Jackson called him on Friday night. "Who could ask for more?" Lemon asked. "Well, he isn't God," someone told Herzog. "He's pretty close," said Whitey.

The only mistake Guidry and the Yankees made was pitching to Brett to start the game. Since moving from second in the batting order to the leadoff spot in Game 2, Brett had singled and homered in his first at bats and had raised his three-year playoff average to .385. This time he tripled and scored, but he did not reach base the rest of the night. Because Brett was so much the heart of Kansas City's offense in the series, keeping him off the bases would have seemed enough for the Yankees to breeze to a clinching victory. But Leonard, who was actually sharper than Guidry, made it a deliciously tense contest, during one stretch retiring 13 Yankees in a row without allowing the ball to leave the infield.

Leonard needed to be every bit this tough, because after the Royals scored in the first, Guidry allowed just five hits and permitted only one runner to reach third. Another who tried, Willie Wilson, was cut down stealing on an incorrect call by Umpire Lou DiMuro that the Royals will be complaining about all winter. When Otis led off the ninth with a double, Lemon called for Gossage, who struck out Clint Hurdle, and got Porter and Pete LaCock on outfield flies. Then, suddenly, the Yankees had no more American League battles to fight and plenty to be proud of. "No matter what happens in the Series, we've had a helluva year," said Piniella.

If some Royals remained unconvinced of New York's superiority, there was nothing the Yankees could do to convince them further. "I want them next year," Porter said. "I want them next year." There is probably nothing the Yankees would enjoy more. **END**

were not motivation enough, the Dodgers were spurred on by a wish to win their rematch with the Yankees and to dedicate a world championship to Coach Jim Gilliam, who lay in a coma at a Southern California hospital last week after suffering a cerebral hemorrhage on Sept. 15. "We just love this man," said Manager Tom Lasorda, who wears his own emotions on his sleeve of Dodger blue. "The Devil," the nickname used by Gilliam's confreres in tribute to his genius as a cardplayer, "may not be here physically," said Lopes, "but he's here spiritually."

The Dodgers were off and winging in damp, chilly Philly last Wednesday, winning the opener 9–5 as Steve Garvey, who was named the series' Most Valuable Player, homered twice and tripled, and Lopes hit one out. Welch, a hard thrower in the Sandy Koufax mold although he is a righthander, came on to rescue Starter Burt Hooton in the fifth inning and gave Philadelphia only two hits the rest of the way.

Lopes homered, tripled and singled to drive in three of the four runs the Dodgers scored in Game 2. Only one run was required, because the lefthanded John, recovering nicely from a torn calf muscle, shut out the Phillies on four hits, coaxing them to hit into three double plays with his lowbreaking stuff. John was in such control he could afford a little horseplay. In the seventh inning, with Rick Monday on first, he dropped a sacrifice bunt down the first-base line that Cardenal fielded while falling to his knees. He waited on the baseline to tag John, but the Dodger pitcher ran *backward* instead, eventually recrossing home plate for an automatic out.

The dour Carlton was the whole shebang in Game 3, driving in four runs with a three-run homer and a single and scattering eight Dodger hits, one of which was another Garvey home run. Carlton, who has a policy of remaining mum in the presence of the press, was apparently so pleased with himself that he consented to be interviewed after the game. He was a bit rusty after so long a silence, and his answers were mostly monosyllabic—"Want to talk about your hitting?" "No"—but, by heaven, he was there instead of being sequestered in the sanctuary of the trainer's room, which is off limits to the press.

There was no approaching Carlton after the final game. He sat before his locker snapping like a terrier at those who violated his territory. All the joy was down the hall in the Dodger clubhouse, where Lasorda, drenched with champagne, bellowed time and again, "We're in the Fall Classic!" establishing that he owes his eloquence to the sports pages. Russell, the most underrated of the Dodgers, wandered happily through a thickening crowd, wringing hands and grinning sheepishly. Edwina Gilliam, the stricken coach's wife, broke Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's edict on women in the clubhouse to congratulate her husband's old pals. She sat with her back demurely to the room, alternately embracing and being embraced by the players. Sadly, Gilliam died the following night.

In the clubhouse of the vanquished, Garry Maddox dressed quickly. "It was a line drive right to me," he said. "I just missed it. It's probably something I'll hear about and never forget for the rest of my life." END

During Game 3, Ump Ron Luciano had Pinella doing deep knee bends and other gyrations when he called him out in the series' most controversial play



WHOOPING IT UP IN WASHINGTON

Supposedly in the midst of a rebuilding year, the Redskins are undefeated and uninhibited under Coach Jack Pardee

by DAN JENKINS



Scatter-armed as a sub Theismann was 11 for 22 against Dallas and has passed for 10 touchdowns

The Washington Redskins have not had a 6–0 record since Sammy Baugh and Andy Farkas put on Sitting Bull headdresses and leaped up in the air for a publicity photo in front of our nation's Capitol, Cordell Hull and several Japanese envoys—which is to say the pre-John Wayne days. But that is precisely what the Redskins have 38 years later, having disposed of the Dallas Cowboys 9–5 and the Detroit Lions 21–19 last week. In testimony to the new look and mood of things around embattled old D.C., there are no longer those T shirts that say THE OVER-THE-HILL GANG. Those were for George Allen and all the guys who went around picking up Quarterback Billy Kilmer and flip-top cans from the practice field. The bureaucrats have a new T shirt that says THE RHYTHM IS WITH 'EM, and they are not talking about sheiks and Knessets.

Basically, the rhythm seems to be with a new head coach, Jack Pardee; a new quarterback, Joe Theismann; some new receivers, a new offense; a new defense, although some of the names have a ring as familiar as Thomas Jefferson, and mainly, a new attitude. For all of this, there is still a sense of humor and realism around secluded Redskin Park out there in the Virginia bush, a carry-over, no doubt, from the Sonny Jurgensen days. As Defensive End Ron McDole said one day, "When we find out what's causing it, we'll let you know."

That was a joke, of course. Like so many of these other Redskins, McDole, who's 39, went through the Allen era of turning off lights and going to meetings. Now, under Pardee, the old and new together get the work done and leave early. When they leave, either they go to Kicker Mark Moseley's Bible study sessions, or they go with McDole, Kilmer, Jake Scott, *et al.*, to the Fox and Hounds, or some such place, for studies of a more serious nature. Whichever way they go, the rhythm is with 'em. Above all, the Redskins are professionals, and make no mistake about the fact that they are a fine, fine football team, and the Dallas Cowboys along with everybody else better realize it.

There is the temptation to look at some of the names—McDole, Chris Hanburger, Diron Talbert, Ken Houston, Harold McLinton—and say, yeah, yeah, same old Redskins. But you have to look closer to see what was responsible for the upsets over New England and Dallas and the other four victories that have left the Redskins undefeated almost halfway through what was supposed to be a rebuilding season.

It starts with Edward Bennett Williams, part owner and president, hiring Pardee away from the Chicago Bears after Allen was dismissed last January. People may have thought Pardee was crazy to leave Walter Payton and a weakening NFC Central Division, but Pardee also was leaving no stadium and no workout facility, and maybe he had seen enough of adversity. This is a fellow who comes from six-man high school football in Christoval, Texas; from Bear Bryant's "survival camp" in Junction, Texas, during Bryant's Texas A&M days; from licking black mole cancer, from no paychecks in the World Football League, and from 15 years as an NFL linebacker. For Pardee, the Redskin job is ice cream.

One of the first things Pardee did was make Joe Walton his offensive coordinator. Walton was an obscure assistant under Allen. Together, he and Pardee have remolded the offense. Theismann is the quarterback, and Walton is his confidence and ego. This gave Kilmer a new nickname: he went from "Whisky" to "Prudential." Says Kilmer, "I'm the highest-paid insurance man in the league."

The 39-year-old Kilmer, who in August signed a two-year contract worth $500,000, is too much of a competitor to enjoy sitting around as a backup, but he's impressed with Theismann, with Washington's new receivers, Ricky Thompson and John McDaniel, and with the job the new staff has done with the offensive line. The line has major changes in it, most of which have gone unnoticed outside of Washington. For one thing, Bob Kuziel is the center now and Len Hauss is operating a package store in Jesup, Ga., and going to law school. Terry Hermeling has moved from guard to tackle, where in the Monday-night game against Dallas he erased Harvey Martin from the television screen. And Dan Nugent has become a guard instead of a bench warmer.

Now you find Theismann throwing beautifully to a group of receivers—Thompson, McDaniel, Danny Buggs and Frank Grant—who are running exact routes for Walton instead of the guesswork patterns Allen employed. You find a two-back offense with Mike Thomas and John Riggins, not the one-back attack that Allen always preferred. And you find what is essentially a younger and improved offensive line.

Theismann's statistics tell much of the story. He has completed 51% of his passes and thrown 10 touchdown passes, but more important, he has thrown only five interceptions. That's five, gang, as compared, for example, with the nine that Roger Staubach has mailed out and with the 15 that Ken Stabler has dispatched, to bring up a couple of arms that are supposed to be beyond criticism.

On the other hand, it was that old Redskin staple, defense, that had a great deal to do with the two big upsets. Linebacker Brad Dusek's romp into the end zone with a scooped-up fumble saved the afternoon in New England. Against Dallas, a combination of Moseley's field goals and the defense carried the night.

It took two of the most remarkable pass catches of any Redskin era, plus as much tenacity as the Washington defense could muster, for Pardee's team to prevail against the Lions on Sunday. That the Redskins pulled it out by two points with only 1:24 to play could only be taken as a further indication that perhaps they are as charmed as they are talented.

The first of Theismann's two touchdown passes went to Tight End Jean Fugett, who made the grab and landed on his helmet just inside the back stripe of the end zone after doing a half gainer. That put Washington ahead 14–12 on the second play of the final quarter. Until then the Redskin defense had held Detroit to four field goals, stopping Lion drives at the three-, seven-, 14- and five-yard lines, and had recovered a blocked punt for a TD. Rick Kane put the Lions ahead 19–14, but at the finish it was McDaniel's catch of a desperate 25-yard Theismann pass with Detroit's Tony Sumler hanging on him that saved the afternoon.

The Dallas game is worth talking about some more, because it not only said something about the Redskins' defense, but it also might have revealed something about the Cowboys and how they are suffering from the new rules of 1978. Question: Where is the great Dallas secondary? Answer: fretting over the no-chuck rule on receivers and not playing man-for-man coverage as effectively as Washington, among other teams. Strip the Cowboys of their zones and flexes, as the new rule tends to do, and their secondary begins to look ordinary—and certainly not the equal of Washington's, which includes Houston, Scott, Lemar Parrish and Joe Lavender.

Which introduces the fact that Cornerback Parrish and Defensive End Coy Bacon are new Redskins who are so delighted to be out of Cincinnati—and away from Paul Brown—that they can be seen giggling on the practice field with Talbert. Now put in something else new. Pardee's occasional use of a 3–4 defense, which makes Dave Butz, who is merely 6′ 7″ and 285, the perfect nose man. As Kilmer points out, "He can just fall on people and hurt 'em." Which, incidentally, is how New York Jet Quarterback Richard Todd exited with a dislocated clavicle a few weeks ago. Dave Butz fell on him and then called for a doctor.

As a matter of fact, the Redskins' rude treatmeot of the Cowboys may well be remembered as the most significant game of the season when it is all over. It was a game in which Theismann threw the ball like Staubach, and Thompson got open and caught the ball like Drew Pearson. It was a game the Redskins won both physically and on the scoreboard, a game in which Pardee clearly outcoached Tom Landry. And while it may have been the game that woke Dallas up finally, it was also a night when Washington showed it was a team to take very seriously. END

One of the holdovers from the Over the Hill Gang, Scott stopped Detroit with this interception



OKLAHOMA IS FILLED TO OVERFLOWING

The Sooners guessed they were good before meeting Texas, but found that their cup runneth—and passeth—over in a 31–10 win **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

Life itself can't give me joy
Unless I really will it;
Life just gives me time and space.
It's up to me to fill it.

—Water-splotched poem on refrigerator at home of Oklahoma football Coach Barry Switzer.

Switzer doesn't spend much time around the refrigerator in his Norman house, other than to grab a Coors as he passes through. But the sentiment of the verse—affixed there with magnets by his wife Kay—is appropriate. Barry Switzer is filling up his life by winning football games at an astonishing rate. Nobody coaching today is better at it. In 5½ seasons at Oklahoma Switzer's record is 56–5–2. He has never finished lower than first in the Big Eight, where victories, no less titles, tend to be hard-scrabble. Twice his Sooners have been national champs.

And this year could bring Switzer the most joy of all. The earmarks were there in the Cotton Bowl last Saturday as undefeated Oklahoma crushed Texas 31–10. "I know you have to take the bad with the good," says Switzer, "but we ain't had much of the bad around here."

Indeed, even injuries to Sooner stars simply gave less-heralded players a chance to prove that they, too, were good. Make no mistake, Oklahoma (5–0) is definitely in the hunt to be national champion.

On Thursday night before the game, Switzer's legs sprawled across a coffee table at home while he watched his favorite television program—*The Barry Switzer Show*. As his own taped image pondered Saturday's possibilities, the in-flesh version was saying, "The most important thing to remember is that coaching is like a terminal disease. It's gonna get you sooner or later." If that's the case, "later" seems to be fading farther into Switzer's future each year instead of drawing closer.

Switzer had a suspicion this season's Oklahoma team was loaded, especially on offense, but two of the Sooners' early opponents were West Virginia and Rice, which didn't prove much of anything. Two weeks ago a 45–23 win over Missouri gave him a clue; Saturday's blitz of Texas convinced him.

What happened was that the proud Sooners, with a reputation for playing as well in crucial games as any team in the country, went out against Texas and did what they had been promising their supporters all week: they played lights-out football. Click, click and it was 14–0 less than three minutes into the second quarter. When the dazed Longhorns finally plodded off the floor of the Cotton Bowl, they knew they had been rounded up and branded with a big OU.

While Switzer is the architect of this house of success, it was Halfback Billy Sims who did most of the hammering. He rushed 25 times for 131 yards, scored two touchdowns and threw a block that enabled David Overstreet to light up the scoreboard. Before the game, Switzer had



Billy Sims said he'd fly, and he did, along with

said, "Sims is a great, great back. People just don't know that yet." Now they do.

In two previous seasons, Sims had been hurt and could not play against the Longhorns. This year the junior from Hooks, Texas anticipated something marvelous. At a pep rally in Norman he had coyly asked how many students were going to Dallas. All, of course, were. "Good," said Sims, "because I want you to see me fly." Sims didn't let anyone down. He literally flew with the hurtling, twisting style that has earned him a season average of 7.4 yards per carry. Nevertheless, afterward he complained, "I really meant to fly higher." Says Switzer, "I wish he'd stay on the ground a little more. But that's Billy."

And Billy's flying act was plenty high enough for a program that some thought might be getting ready to crash. The trouble goes back to last season when Oklahoma was 10–2. "I remember when 8–3 used to be a helluva year," laments Switzer. But the real trouble was that the Sooners lost to Texas in the regular season—a humiliation hard to live with for 364 days in the Southwest. But perhaps even worse, Oklahoma was crushed 31–6 by an underdog Arkansas team in the Orange Bowl.

Throughout last year, there had been unhappiness on the Sooner coaching staff, and much venom was directed, privately, toward Defensive Coordinator Larry Lacewell. He was one of 12 assistants to Switzer but he didn't think of himself that way. One day at practice Lacewell was asked for something and he sniffed, "Ask one of the assistant coaches to do it." There was talk that Lacewell, Switzer and others partied too much and prepared for games too little. Before the Orange Bowl game, Lacewell was standing at a bar one night with a big crowd gathered around. "This is going to be the first time in history a team had to send home its coaches for disciplinary reasons," he said. There were those who didn't laugh.

Pressure mounted on Switzer to fire Lacewell. Other assistants threatened to quit. Then, several months after the Orange Bowl debacle, Lacewell and Switzer had a personal falling-out, and Lacewell quit. Subsequently, Jerry Pettibone and Gene Hochevar left for reasons of their own. As a result of all this turmoil, people suspected that some of the wheels had fallen off the Sooner wagons and there was no way to get them circled up in time to defend their Big Eight title.

But what has developed instead is a new seriousness of purpose, although Switzer denies anything is different this year. "Arkansas beat us because they played better," he says. "Nobody will accept that."

Oklahoma has always been a looseygoosey kind of team under Switzer, who comes as close as he ever will to formalizing his coaching philosophy when he says, "The good players play good when they blow the whistle." What is implied in that statement, fairly, is that Oklahoma usually has players that are better than good. But this season, the Sooners' stance is not quite so freewheeling as it used to be and a notch shy of the former air of total arrogance. Nobody, though, is accusing Switzer of becoming stuffy. Asked how he felt about a noon kickoff for the Texas game, he chortled, "Fine, it gives the winner longer to party."

When the Sooners flew to Dallas on Friday morning, they were, to a man, optimistic. And for good reason. After all, when Texas won 13–6 in 1977, Oklahoma not only had played without Sims, the man with the electric hair and the invisible wings, but also Quarterback Thomas Lott and Fullback Kenny King were hurting and far below par. All were well this time. Finally, the Longhorns no longer had Heisman winner Earl Campbell, who broke Oklahoma tackles and ultimately hearts as he rambled for 124 yards and the game's only TD.

As evidence that the Sooners do get

continued



twist and hurtle, for 131 yards and two TDs.



Steve Rhodes' tumbling catch of a 22-yard pass led to the final Sooner TD and a bruised shoulder



Donnie Little had trouble like this all afternoon

down to business when business is at hand, they stayed at a Ramada Inn in Fort Worth. No raucous Friday night downtown Dallas nonsense for them. By dawn Saturday everyone was ready, and a nervous Rex Norris, the new defensive coordinator, moaned, "This job beats defusing bombs, but that's about it." The players had been shown game films, most often the one of last year's Texas game. Which made Switzer kick chairs and carry on something awful. "And I'll tell you another thing," he yelled at his team, "if they don't move the ball the first few times they have it with [Randy] McEachern at quarterback, they'll put in [Donnie] Little, a freshman. Imagine, a *freshman*! I don't know how tough he is, but he ain't tough enough to play in this game. This is no place for a freshman."

The Switzer harangue continued. "A few years ago, we got 13 of the best 30 high school players in Texas. You all came here to play on a national championship team. If you win today, you're odds-on to win it. All you have to do is go out there and be road graders. I mean *bury* these people. I want you to come out whooping and hollering and knocking the hell out of folks. Ninety percent of the country is going to be watching you on TV and the other 10% is going to be mad because they can't." Switzer raged on to his peroration. "No mistakes in the kicking game, men. That's the most crucial thing."

Switzer was generally prescient, but not 100%. The Sooners elected to kick off and promptly made a mistake in the kicking game—unavoidable, perhaps, but a mistake. When soccer-style Kicker Uwe von Schamann approached the ball, he slipped on the worn-out artificial turf, barely made contact with the ball, and Texas got to begin play on its own 45. But the Longhorns, who struggled on offense all afternoon (they gained 191 yards; Oklahoma had 410), could do nothing. Then, on the Sooners' second play from scrimmage, King took the ball off tackle on a play designed to take advantage of trap blocking by rugged Guard Greg Roberts, and rambled 55 yards. But King, who weighs 210 pounds, pretends he is 260, "so I can run over people." He was stopped on the Texas 20 with a jarring tackle, suffered a hip pointer and, two plays later had to quit for the afternoon. As King found a seat on the sideline, Sims blasted the final 18 yards for the first Sooner touchdown.

On the first play of the second quarter, Sims circus-caught a Lott pass for 35 yards. Things were going as Lott had predicted. "We're going to pick up right where we left off last year," he said, "and they're ahead." Said Switzer, "See, even when our players get beat, they don't believe it." A Sooner fumble by King's replacement, Vickey Ray Anderson, stalled Oklahoma. But when Texas took over, just as Switzer had said, Donnie Little came into the game—and fumbled on the second snap. The Sooners' Reggie Mathis recovered on the Texas 26. Sims went for 17. Four plays later, the officials ruled he had flown over the goal from the one. Bingo, 14–0.

Russell Erxleben kicked a field goal for Texas and von Schamann had one, too, with one second to go in the half, making it 17–3. But more indicative of Oklahoma's superiority was the 116-yard bulge it held in rushing yardage, 174–58.

In the third quarter, Linebacker Daryl Hunt picked off a Little pass and the Sooners scored again on the subsequent

continued

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11-play 53-yard drive when Lott threw another strike. This one went for 24 yards to Bobby Kimball in the end zone. It was further evidence that Lott, who was wearing a bandanna depicting a Colonial horseman—one of 70 he uses to keep his hair from getting dirty and the ends from being split—is coming of age as a wishbone passer. The rap on Lott for more than two years has been that he can't throw, which causes Switzer to grump, "That's not true. Besides, they never complain when a passing quarterback can't run." Lott ran for 32 yards and passed for 77 before he had to leave the game with a sprained ankle.

Later in the third quarter, Johnny (Lam) Jones got Texas' only touchdown when he went 25 yards on a flanker around. But Texas was finding life without Earl Campbell most difficult. Addressing that problem on the eve of the game, Texas Coach Fred Akers had said, "Well, not having Earl means we're balanced. That's one advantage. But there's no way any coach would say he's better off without an Earl Campbell." In truth, Texas was better balanced. That is, more people shared in not getting much of anything. Little carried 17 times for 33 yards, Johnny (Ham) Jones carried 17 times for 34 and LeRoy King nine times for 42.

Oklahoma scored for the last time in the fourth quarter after another interception, this one by Linebacker George Cumby. But, as in Kenny King's opening-quarter run, the price for six points was high. J. C. Watts, who had come in for the injured Lott, threw a 22-yard pass to Split End Steve Rhodes, who made a brilliant catch on the one—and severely bruised his shoulder. Three plays later, Overstreet ran the ball in with the aid of the block by Sims. That block may just personify the Sooners' new all-out style, because Sims rates the thrill of running interference somewhere below being run over by a bus.

On the way back to Norman, Switzer was lauding his defense, praising his offense, fretting about injuries and observing, "We played just as hard against Texas last year when we lost as we did this year when we won. In this game, you have to realize that occasionally you're going to lose again." But for the Sooners that dreadful time looks to be a good way down the field as they continue to fill the lives of Oklahoma football fans with wins. **END**





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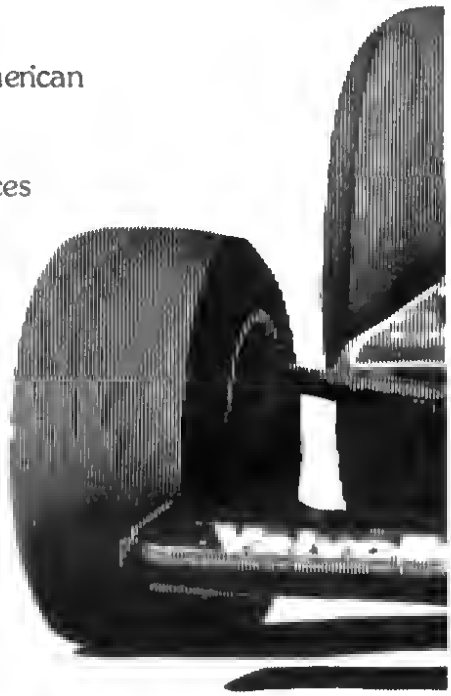
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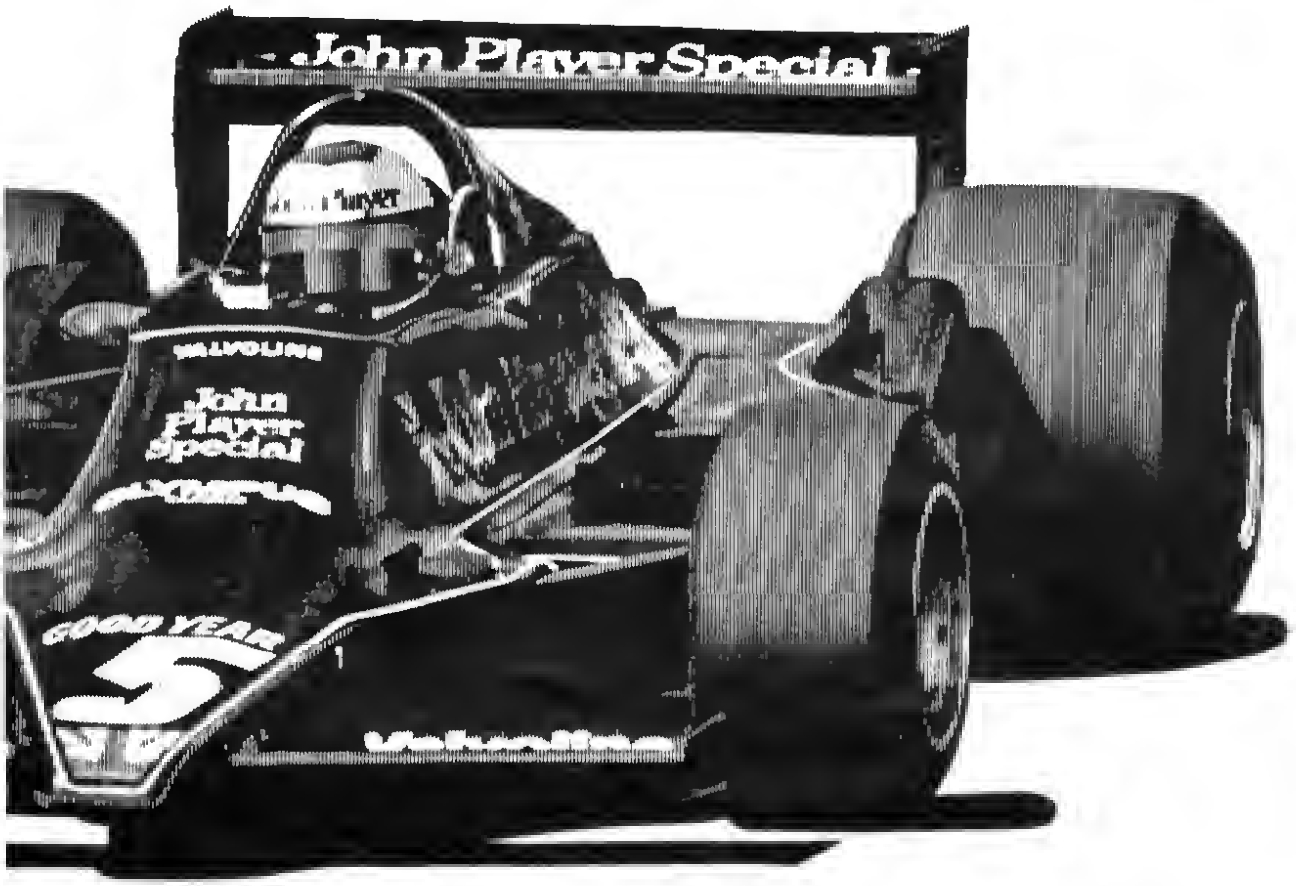
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PRO BASKETBALL 1978-79

HEAVENS, WHAT A YEAR AHEAD!

Bill Walton is a man without a team; Rick Barry and Marvin Webster jumped clubs and the Bullets jumped divisions; now three refs will keep everyone jumping

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

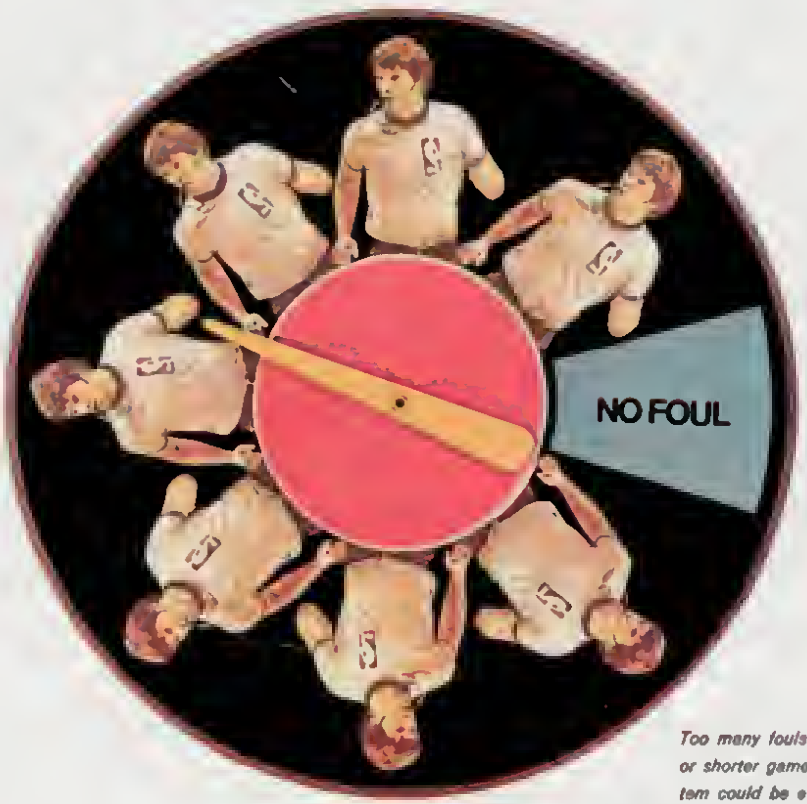
Quickly now, what ever happened to the Sport of the Seventies? You may vaguely recall that the sport was referred to as "professional basketball," and—woo, boy—was it going to be great. Those huge, lithe, perfectly sculptured athletes bounding over the hardwood floors. Spectacular action. Ingenious strategy. Magnificent competition. Leading to . . . mammoth crowds. Soaring television ratings. Lucrative endorsement contracts. Professional basketball was going to light up America. It was going to do in the '70s what professional football did in the '60s. Namely, *happen.* It was going to make us *forget* football, not to mention old, dull baseball and *Charlie's Angels*, too. Professional basketball was going to replace politics, ice cream, sex and the church. Is it all coming back now? Well, the Sport of the Seventies is reviving memories of the NBA's unsettled early history. In the eyes of 76er General Manager Pat Williams, the league is coming off "the most fascinating off-season in the NBA, a wild, crazy, topsy-turvy year."

For instance, the mass exodus of name players—Marvin Webster, Rick Barry and Bill Walton—from the Pacific Division may well cause it to go from riches to rags in one fell swoop. For instance, the momentous trade that shifted Bobby Jones to Philadelphia and George McGinnis to Denver practically guarantees the 76ers and Nuggets the Atlantic and Midwest Division titles, respectively, again and sets up a probable showdown in the NBA finals next spring. For instance, during the preseason the new three-referee system and the no-hand-checking rule led to hundreds upon hundreds of foul calls, justifiable coach-squawking and still another NBA novelty, the two-hour, 40-minute game.

For instance, the who-would-have-believed-it union in Boston of that old fire-eater Red Auerbach and that young,

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Too many fouls or too few? Longer or shorter games? The three-ref system could be a blessing or a curse.

finger-lickin' Kentucky Fried Chicken ace from the despised American Basketball Association, John Y. Brown. John Y. is a good ole Kentucky boy, who did a little carpetbagging in Buffalo and traded franchises with former Celtic owner Irv Levin during the summer. Now Massachusetts is contemplating a lottery based on picking the correct number of days Brown and Auerbach coexist. Which leads to a final for-instance: the regeneration of the Atlantic Division, where, if you can keep this straight, Webster has become the latest savior in New York, Marvin Barnes has become the latest savior in Boston; the Buffalo Braves have moved out to become the latest savior in San Diego; and the Washington Bullets, after finally acting as their own savior, have moved in as champions of the world.

Is this any way to run a sport? Much less, the Sport of the Seventies? And all of this on the eve of the NBA's 33rd season?

Quick, dramatic changes transform basketball as no other sport, owing to the domino effect one star player can have on a team ... whoops, a division ... whoops, a conference ... whoops, the entire league. Thus we have Walton, with his broken foot, demanding to be traded from Portland, and the Trail Blazers mysteriously agreeing, though the league MVP still has a year left on his contract. In effect, he is being treated as a free agent, although the Blazers feel he could still wind up in Portland by midseason if they can't make a deal they feel will benefit the team. Walton's gripe concerned Portland's medical practices—specifically the use of painkillers for injured players. Without Walton, Portland has little chance of winning the Pacific title.

Then there is free agent Barry—didn't he once play out his option in Sheboygan?—whose talent may enable Houston to win the Central Division title. For Barry this is stop No. 5 in his 12-season NBA and ABA career.

Rick doesn't want to cause problems in Houston. So his first concession was to Moses Malone, who wears No. 24, which Barry has worn throughout his career. The solution: at home Barry will wear No. 2, on the road No. 4. And it didn't even have to go to arbitration.

How significantly the Jones-McGinnis deal alters the style and character of their new teams could be readily observed in the preseason. Jones, a clean-living, religious soul, worried about how teammates would react to his 10 p.m. bedtime and waited around after practice to run extra laps when everybody else forgot. "Bobby said 'yes sir' one day and we all nearly dropped our teeth," says 76er Assistant Coach Chuck Daly. Meanwhile, in the smile-high, do-or-die atmosphere of the Denver Nuggets, McGinnis vowed to mend his notorious semi-industrious ways. "George has never had to work in his life," says Coach Larry Brown. "I told him we can't afford that luxury."

Then there is Seattle and New York and the Webster affair. What to make of that? The 7′ 1″ Webster, the Human Eraser, transformed a bad Seattle team into a playoff monster that came within a few minutes of the league championship. That done, Webster wanted a five-year contract, a lot of money ($3 million), and, reportedly, extras such as

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENNIS LUZAK

a car for his wife, paid trips and hotel accommodations for his parents and a no-trade clause. Seattle owner Sam Schulman, for no apparent reason that any partially sane human being could imagine, refused the no-trade and Marvin is a Knick.

Everybody in the NBA knows how much Webster wanted to stay in Seattle. Forget the "good of the game" and the "balance of power" laments. How about the good of Marvin? Webster is a quiet, sensitive, small-town, small-school (Morgan State) guy who, when his wife Mederia gave birth to a baby son in Greensboro, N.C. during the preseason, had to be driven from training camp to Newark Airport so he could fly to see her. "Drive myself?" Webster said. "I don't even know where Madison Square Garden is."

How is Webster going to find his senses if New York starts off slowly; if he can't produce the miracles Knick fans expect of him; if the New York media bombers take their obligatory potshots? Moreover, a serious question remains whether Webster, late of group-togetherness among the Sonics, can find peace and happiness among the self-indulgent, spotlight-hunting Knicks. "I'm afraid that Marvin has been thrown to the dogs," says one NBA coach. "That New York club is a kennel. They'll eat him alive."

The sounds emanating from the Knick camp, however, don't exactly sound like yips and yaps. Bob McAdoo and Spencer Haywood, the two psyches-in-residence who don't have the easiest time sharing the bone, er, ball, or getting along with each other, seem positively ecstatic over the prospect of lining up alongside Webster. "It's the first time I've played on a team with somebody bigger than me," says McAdoo. "I won't have to be responsible for blocked shots or defense on the tall guys." When McAdoo won the scoring championship three years running as a center in Buffalo, there was speculation that if he ever had a towering, rebounding playmate around the glass, the slim, 6′ 9″, jump-shooting machine might open up and go for, oh, say, maybe 100 points some night.

In the preseason, all Knicks seemed to be aware of their roles. Coach Willis Reed arranged to have Webster and McAdoo ride to and from practices together and renew a friendship that began back in high school in Greensboro when Webster used to visit his future wife, who lived down the block from McAdoo.

"I told our big men the way I think. It's a marathon the way the centers play the game today. McAdoo's just not big enough. At 218 pounds Bob can give the big centers hell in a 20-game series, but not over a whole 82-game season. His game won't change. Marvin will just give him more freedom," Reed says

And what of Haywood, who arrived on the Knicks scene three years ago to hosannas and has led the world in sulking ever since? "I came here all alone, expected to replace Reed and [Dave] DeBusschere by myself," says Haywood. "I suffered, but it made me a better man. Now look around here. Marvin's got a cast. The thing is, in New York all the attention and the fans and the press can be so detrimental. Marvin's got to learn they aren't the archenemy. If he's not ready for all of this, he could get crushed."

Webster is unconcerned. "New York demands performance. I know that. But I can't change personalities. I want to get everybody together here. If we win, all our reputations will be enhanced," he says.

Reed, who, like Webster, was raw in his early pro years, has been working with the new pivotman. The coach says Webster has small hands, is inexperienced for a fourth-year man and is still unproved on many levels. "It may take two more years for Marvin to be the player he should be," Reed says.

Webster's presence certainly makes the Knicks more competitive than they have been since Reed hobbled into retirement. Along with the question marks surrounding the other new boys on the Eastern Seaboard—Jones at Philly; Barnes, Billy Knight and Tiny Archibald at Boston—Webster's potential has put the Atlantic Division into what Celtic Coach Satch Sanders calls "a wait-and-see posture." Which is further complicated by the unexpected presence of defending champion Washington in the division.

What does that mean? "It means the Bullets won't make the playoffs," says Philly's Julius Erving. Aw, Doc, you never were one to let us wait and see.

CONTINUED



Red Auerbach has had things his way in Boston, but now John Y. Brown, the new owner, may try to get inside Red's head. Watch for fireworks.



THE BIG E WANTS AN MVP

Washington Forward Elvin Hayes has his records and, at long last, an NBA title. Now he'd like a little respect

by JOHN PAPANEK

The sprawling white house sits back off the road behind a wrought-iron fence and dozens of lush pines. It could be the home of another high-powered executive on Piney Point, in an exclusive Houston suburb, where black people can usually be found only behind lawn mowers and hedge trimmers.

A Jeep Cherokee pulls into the circular drive and stops next to a Cadillac and a pair of Mercedes. The man unfolding from the Jeep is 6′ 9½″ and dressed in a pair of worn blue jeans, a loose white cotton shirt, mud-crusted cowboy boots and a wide-brimmed straw hat. Sweat glistens on his arms and large stony face. With one huge hand he pulls a shovel, a spade and a pickax out of the Jeep and hoists them over a shoulder. But he is not here to do any gardening. He is Elvin Hayes of the NBA champion Washington Bullets, the master—at this moment—of all he surveys.

In his cozy den, which is furnished with plush antiques and thick rugs, two walls covered with photographs and trophies—the newest being an autographed basketball commemorating the Bullets' NBA championship of last spring—Hayes is as relaxed as a 32-year-old compulsive heavy laborer can be while wasting time in the middle of a late summer day. He has driven the Jeep in from his 89-acre cattle ranch 70 miles away in Brenham, where he spent the morning mending fences. There was so little time left before training camp, and so much work to be done. But in his den, with his family nearby, the man reputed to be a petulant brooder, cold, selfish, childish and—the worst name an athlete can be called—a choker, sits with his long legs outstretched, the hard face softened by a smile. On the glass-topped coffee table before him are two books, a Bible and *They Call Me the Big E.*

The E stands for Enigma as well as Elvin. To many basketball fans, Hayes is known as one of the original bad actors of sports' big-money era, a troublemaker who has doomed to certain failure every professional team he ever played for. As far as Hayes is concerned, the two books on the coffee table tell the real story. The autobiography traces Hayes' life from his hard days as a cotton picker in a segregated Louisiana town, to his sudden glory as an All-America at the University of Houston, to hard days as the professional basketball player who would succeed Wilt Chamberlain as the man people love to hate. The Bible, Hayes says, helped save him when, as a 24-year-old, internal thunderstorms caused him to contemplate suicide.

Even the winning of the championship after nine futile seasons failed to erase Hayes' reputation as a choker. The collapse of the Philadelphia 76ers, and injuries to Bill Walton and other Portland Trail Blazers, tainted the Bullets' win over the Seattle SuperSonics. Because Hayes fouled out of two of the final seven games—including the seventh—some fans felt that the Bullets won despite Hayes rather than because of him.

One does not have to go far to find people who dislike Hayes intensely. Alex

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Hannum, who coached him in San Diego during Hayes' most turbulent years, calls him to this day "the most despicable person I've ever met in sports." Reporters have been damning him for 10 years, the result of having had to chase him for low-yield interviews, and having been dealt with brusquely or stood up. Many opponents consider him a crybaby, some teammates feel he is selfish. Five years ago he stopped answering criticism and trying to correct misquotes and half-truths about himself. Last season his wife Erna and their three children, Elvin Jr., Erna Elisse and Erica, remained in Houston while Hayes lived alone in a rented house in Columbia, Md. On Thanksgiving he cooked a turkey and ate it alone. He did not spend a single social evening around Washington with a teammate, nor did he do more than eat a few meals with any of them on the road.

His prickly personality does not endear him to most of his teammates, some of whom consider him a finger pointer. For instance, after the Bullets blew a 19-point lead and lost to Seattle in the opening game of the championship series, Hayes criticized Center Wes Unseld in the newspapers for his lack of offense. Hayes insists his quotes were a year old and out of context. Nevertheless, Unseld was upset. He and Hayes have never been close. Says Unseld, "I always hear Elvin say, 'They're blaming Elvin.' I never hear anybody blaming Elvin. Not coaches or players, anyway, just the papers, and that happens to everybody when they lose. It's just that Elvin keeps calling attention to himself.

"I do my talking to other players face-to-face, not through the press. I don't dwell within Elvin. I don't know what he's thinking and I don't care. The person I know is the basketball player, and right now he is one of the best in the league. What he's done verifies that. We've had more than our share of run-ins off the court. But when he's on the court he's a professional and that's all that matters."

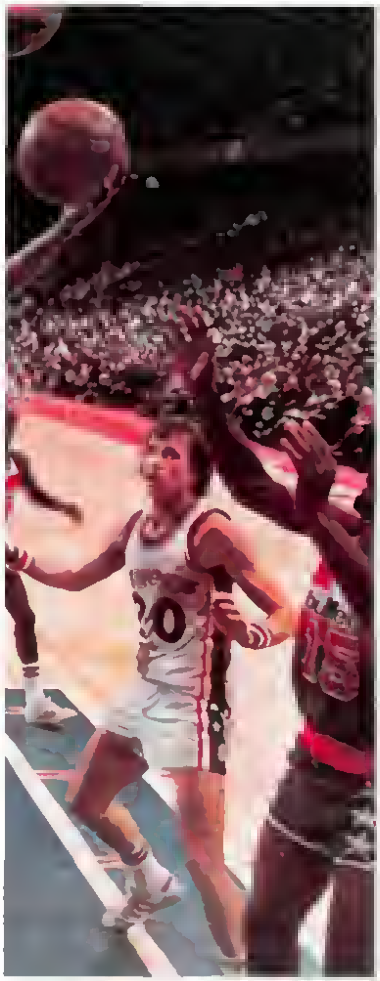
Since the Sunday in July 1973 when, Hayes says, "I accepted Jesus into my life," many skeptics have felt that Hayes chose religion as a ready-made excuse for smugness, a shroud behind which he can hide his gigantic ego. Nonetheless, religion has been the glue that has kept Hayes' life together. His convictions are reflected in his home and his well-behaved children. The two men he considers his idols are George Allen and Gerald Ford. He is tireless in his unpublicized service to crippled children, hospitals, Special Olympics and religious groups, including the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. When he discusses religion, his voice, normally soft and hesitant, approximates the mellifluous tones of the Rev. Jesse Jackson. During the summer, he preaches regularly at various churches in the Houston area, and speaks from pulpits all over the country during the season. And when he finishes playing in two or three years, he expects to become the Rev. Elvin Hayes and pastor of his very own church.



Hayes can be a dominating force, and he was against Philadelphia in last year's conference finals

Facts, however, do not always speak for themselves, especially in Hayes' case. In the face of the common rap that Hayes often gives less than 100% on the court is the fact that he is one of the game's iron men. In his 10 pro seasons he has missed a total of five games out of a possible 892. Four times he led the NBA in minutes played and he has averaged 42.3 minutes over his career. He led the league in scoring as a rookie in 1968-69 and twice led it in rebounding (1969-70 and 1973-74), the only man to intrude on the domain that for 16 years was exclusively held by Chamberlain and Bill Russell. He is the 10th highest scorer of all time and stands seventh in rebounding. The claim that Hayes may be great in the regular season but always folds in the playoffs will not make it up the flagpole, either. His average of 23.4 points in seven playoffs is the 10th-best mark of all time and just a half point below his regular-season average of 23.9. And his shooting percentage of 481 in the playoffs is 28 points *better* than what he shot in the regular seasons. He also has played in the All-Star Game in each of his 10 seasons.

Last season, Hayes' regular-schedule scoring average fell off to 19.7 and he missed the top 20 for the first time, but that was entirely because of the substantial scoring help the Bullets received from free agent Bob Dandridge and Coach Dick Motta's philosophy of team play. When the Bullets finally broke their nine-year playoff losing streak last June, Hayes was virtually ignored in the Most Valu-



able Player balloting, though without him the Bullets would never have made it to the finals. He led the team in scoring, rebounding and blocked shots in the championship series, as well as in the playoffs as a whole. Most people noted that Hayes scored just 12 points and fouled out with a little more than eight minutes left in the seventh game against Seattle. "Not too many people noticed that I was fronted and double-teamed the whole game," he says, "that Seattle's whole strategy was geared toward stopping me in that game, and that I was bumped and banged by Paul Silas and Jack Sikma all night. Really, there was not a forward in history who had a playoff like I had."

Unseld was voted the MVP largely because of his heroics in the final game. "Wes didn't even play in three of the games against Philadelphia," Hayes says. "Take away my points and where would we have been?"

Be it crutch, cop-out or genuine faith, his religion does make up for what Hayes has missed in basketball. "Finally winning the championship completes the picture," he says, "because no one can ever again say that E's not a champion. But the one thing they've taken away from me that I feel I have deserved is the MVP. And I don't think I'll ever get it, because I think, more than anything else, people want to see me fail."

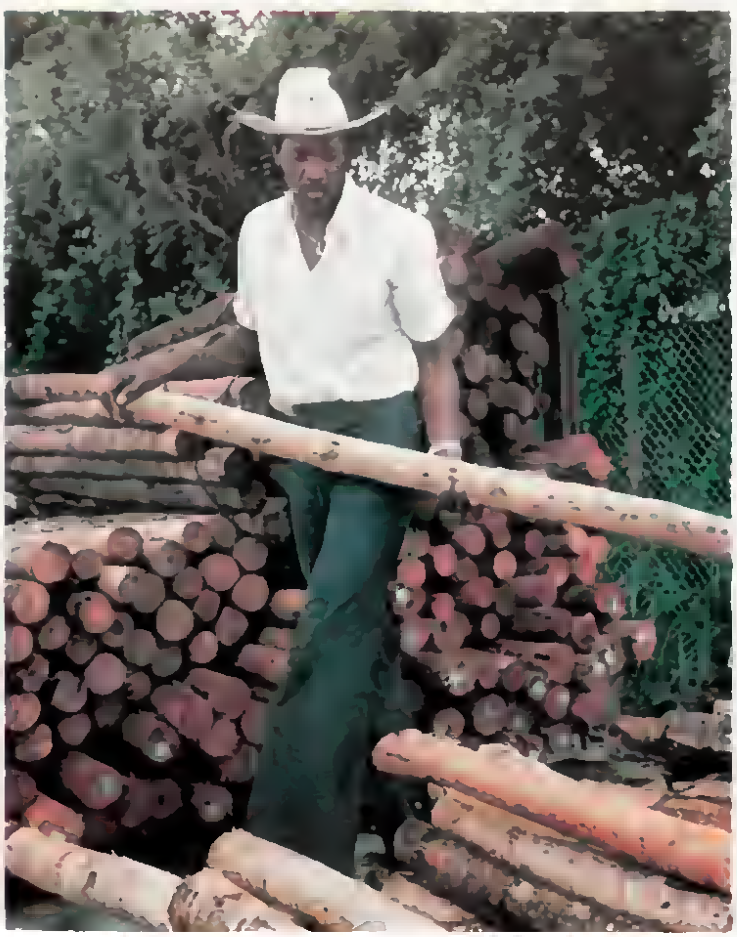
Fear of failure began driving Hayes when he was growing up gangly in Rayville, La., a little cotton town 24 miles from Monroe, the hometown of Hayes' boyhood hero Bill Russell. Hayes' parents ran a cotton compress, and the six Hayes children were directed toward academic excellence. By the time Elvin was in the eighth grade, his three older brothers and his older sister had gone through or were in college, and his sister Bunnatine, one year Elvin's senior, was headed for a full scholarship at Southern University. "All my brothers and sisters were valedictorians or salutatorians," says Hayes. "I just said to myself, 'Well, I'm not going to do it.' It's not that I didn't have the ability; I just wanted to do things my own way."

When Elvin was in ninth grade his father died. His grades were below the family norm and he retreated into an impenetrable shell. "I never talked to anybody," he says. "My mother used to always be on me just to make me say one word. I never really had a friend, just my sister Bunny. When I started playing basketball I would sometimes talk to one or two of the guys, but after that I would go home to my room."

Blacks were not allowed to play on the outdoor courts at the then all-white Rayville High School; they mostly remained on the east side of the railroad tracks that divided the town. The area where Hayes grew up was called Niggertown by blacks and whites alike. The one outdoor court at Eula Britton High—the black school—had one wooden backboard with a rickety rim nailed to a light pole, and the floor was plain old Louisiana dirt. Hayes would practice 11 hours a day during the steamy summer days and nights. The gym in which Britton played its games had a cement-tile floor and brick walls flush behind each basket. "They didn't bother us so much," says Hayes. "We were a fast-break team and every one of us was on close terms with those walls."

In 1964, Hayes' senior year, Britton won 54 consecutive games. Having already developed his trademark turn-

continued



He needs good hands back home in Texas, too, for working around the house and at his ranch

around jump shot, Hayes averaged 35 points per 32-minute game. At Baton Rouge in the state AA championship game for black schools, he scored 45 points, had more than 20 rebounds and was voted the tournament MVP. The next day he saw his name in the Baton Rouge paper. It was the first time it had ever been in print. "Back home in Rayville," he says, "no blacks ever got their name in the paper. Never."

The next fall, he, Don Chaney, who later played for the Celtics, and football player Warren McVea (Kansas City Chiefs) became the first blacks ever to play sports at the University of Houston. Hayes' immersion into the 99%-white student body constituted more than culture shock. "All I had known about white people was the way they treated blacks in Rayville, and I totally disliked them," he says. "I never had a white coach or teacher, and I never played any kind of game with or against a white person. About the only time I was ever near them was in the movie theater. The blacks sat upstairs and the whites downstairs and they had separate doors."

When not playing basketball or attending classes as a speech major, Hayes was rarely seen. In the summer he would go back to Rayville and play with the poor blacks on the dirt court. Houston Coach Guy Lewis and assistant Harvey Pate became surrogate fathers to Hayes, and because of the racial situation, he was often pampered. "Sometimes Lewis would really get on me in practice," says Hayes, "and I'd give him a real hurt kind of look and say, 'You just don't like black players.' He would get all upset and fall all over himself denying it and apologizing, and I'd stand there laughing, unable to convince him that I was only joking."

By 1967, Hayes' junior year, Houston had become a national power, beaten in the NCAA semifinals by UCLA and Hayes' bitter rival Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, then known as Lew Alcindor. That game set up one of the greatest matches in college basketball history. On Jan. 20, 1968, a national television audience and 52,693 fans at Houston's Astrodome watched Alcindor's Bruins, winners of 47 straight games and ranked No. 1, play Hayes' Cougars, 16–0, ranked No. 2. Hayes can re-create that game minute by minute because, to this day, it is his single biggest thrill in basketball. And when he decides to answer those who say he chokes, he recalls how he won the game.

"It was 69–69 and I got the ball down low on the left side," he says. "I was going to shoot my turnaround when I was fouled by Jim Nielsen. A lot of people thought I was going to miss because I was a 60% foul shooter. I didn't even think about being nervous because I had the game right in my hands—*swish, swish*, 71–69. And then, in the last seconds, I acted like a guard, dribbling around and then passing off. I completely outplayed Kareem. I scored 39, he scored 15. I had 15 rebounds and he had 12. And then he tried to make a big deal out of some eye injury. But I know that it wasn't the eye that was bothering him."

Hayes' rookie season with the San Diego Rockets was like an extension of his college career. He was the Western Division starting center in the NBA All-Star game, ahead of Chamberlain. He led the league in scoring, finished fourth in rebounding and carried the Rockets, a 15–67 expansion team the year before, into the playoffs. He had come out of his shell and was running around Hollywood and Las Vegas with movie stars and appearing on television shows. Everything was beautiful.

The next year things changed drastically. Some of his teammates, particularly Forward Don Kojis, Hayes believes, became jealous of his celebrity, his money and his special relationship with owner Bob Breitbard. Kojis demanded a trade and dissension grew. Coach Jack McMahon, now the assistant at Philadelphia, was caught in the middle. When the team's record was 9–17, McMahon was fired. Hayes was blamed. Into the breach came Hannum, a caustic drill-sergeant type, who had had successful NBA coaching stints in St. Louis, Philadelphia and San Francisco.

"His thing was 'I'm gonna break him'—like I'm a horse," Hayes says. "So every little thing I do, he jumps on me. He's going to make me an example. He would holler and curse at me all the time. It was 'Hayes this' and 'Hayes that.' Hayes! Hayes! Hayes!'"

"He was spoiled," says Hannum, now in the construction business in California. "Because of his relationship with the owner, I had no authority with him. I guess the climate in pro sports was changing and I was not willing to change with it. Hayes was exactly the kind of player I did not want. He's a front-runner. Put him in a situation where there's tension and he does not face it with courage. Give him a challenge and he'll always find some excuse to fold. I still believe it. Even last year, the Bullets won despite him rather than because of him."

The following year the Rockets were 40–42 and missed the playoffs by one game. Hannum wanted Hayes gone, but Breitbard refused. When Hannum quit to join Denver in the ABA, it was widely assumed and reported that Hayes got him fired. "It was always, 'Hayes got the coach fired,'" says Hayes. "They used to say the same thing about Wilt. Well, Wilt used to say, 'Oh yeah? Well how many did I hire?'"

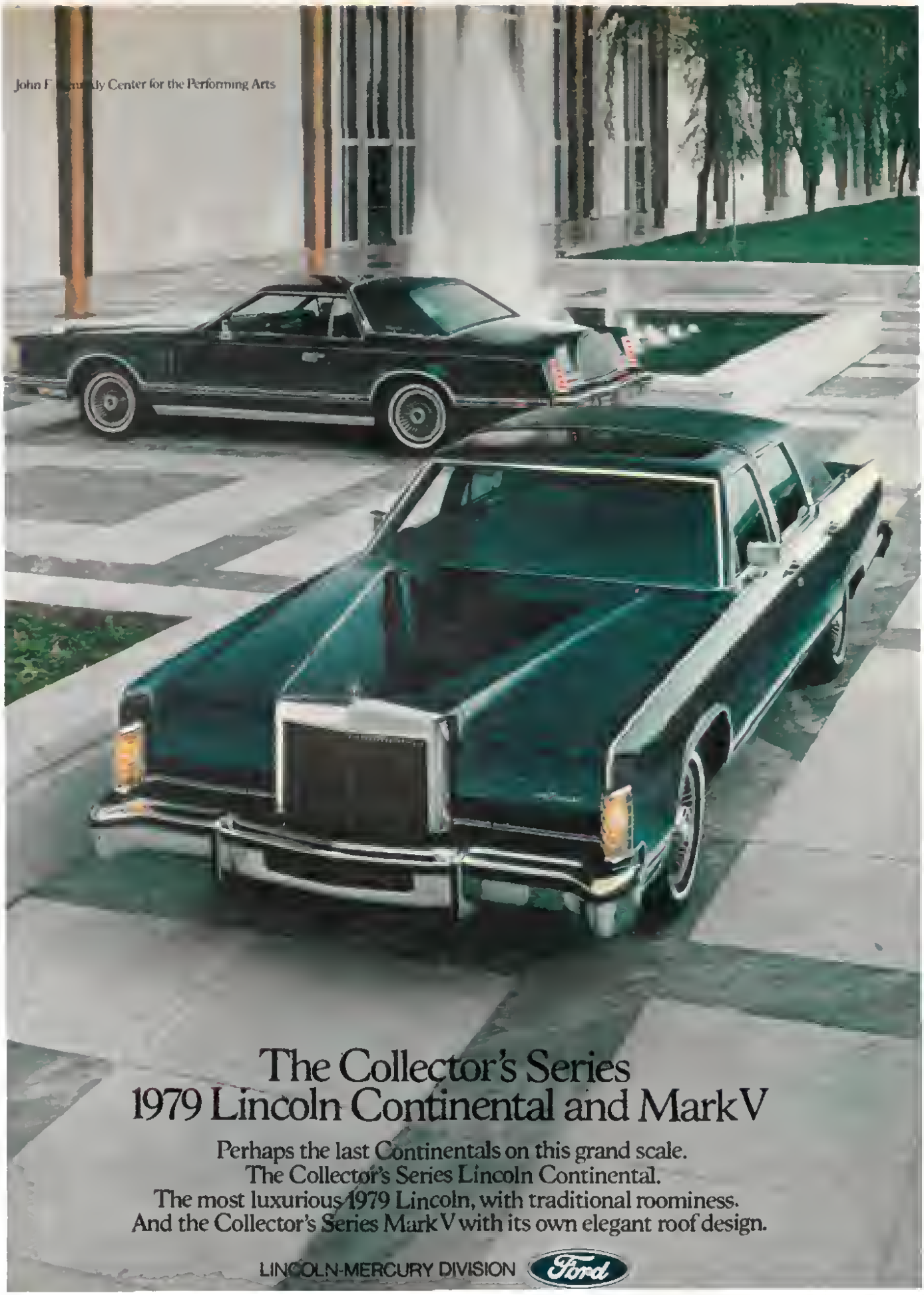
Hayes was miserable in his second and third seasons in San Diego. Newspapers regularly blasted him when the Rockets lost. It was then he made the mistake of engaging in a running battle with a San Diego *Union* reporter. "Every morning he would have written something else about me," Hayes says, "and every night I would be on radio or TV saying something about *him*. Every day, he and I. It got ridiculous. It was the ultimate sin. I should have known then I couldn't win. Now I do know, so I keep quiet.

"All of a sudden the thing that's been my only joy in my whole life—going to the gym, playing ball, exploding, setting myself free—had become an agony. I was totally unhappy, disgusted with it all. I was taking stomach pills, sleeping pills. I lived on Alka-Seltzer, Tums, Rolaids. I always had a pocketful of them. I used to wake up in the middle of the night and think I was dying. One day I read one of those stories about me and I said to myself, 'Wow, where does it all end? The best thing to do is kill myself.' I lived up in the hills of La Jolla and I'd be driving home late at night—I had this fast car—and the thought of just running it off the road was always with me."

It seemed as if Hayes' problems were over during the summer of 1971 when he learned that the Rockets were moving to his beloved Houston. But the relief was short-lived. His new coach was Tex Winter, an NBA rookie who had spent the previous 24 years coaching at Marquette, Kansas State and the University of Washington. "He was a very nice man," says Hayes, "but he treated the players like they were on scholarship."

"It was as much my fault as it was his," says Winter. "I really thought I could coach the same way as I did in col-

continued



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lege. That didn't work with Elvin." Winter's idea was to convert Hayes, one of the greatest scoring machines ever to play the game, into a passing center. And he would have Hayes pass off to such luminaries as Cliff Meely, Stu Lantz and Dick Gibbs.

"One of our first games that year was up in Waco, against Chicago," Hayes recalls. "I'm messing around with the ball in the high post and all my teammates are on the other side. Now the clock's running down and I have to shoot. But I'm not supposed to. Well, I must have had four or five shots in a row blocked. And I never have my shots blocked. Guards were blocking my shots."

Hayes' masquerade as a passer was never satisfactorily explained to the Houston fans, and even they got down on him for not shooting. Soon Hayes decided that the experiment was over, and one night he came out shooting and scored 37 points. Afterward Winter told him, "You're fighting me." The season was disastrous. The San Diego stories were retold, and Hayes wanted out. "Elvin carried quite a burden and I felt sorry for him," says Winter. "The Houston people bought the Rockets solely because of him. They thought he'd fill the Astrodome like he did one time in college. Instead we played some games there in front of 500 people. He was crushed. On top of that, I found him so lacking in fundamentals. It's true that I tried to mold him into my concept of what a post man should be, but I could not get any response from him and that caused all sorts of problems on the club. He knew he was more valuable than I was and there was just no way I could build a young club around him."

In 1972, Hayes got his trade to the Bullets, and 47 games into the following season Tex Winter was gone, too. Bullet Coach Gene Shue recognized that Hayes' strength lay in scoring and rebounding—and even better. Shue had the luxury of returning Hayes to his natural forward position, because Unseld was there to play the pivot. Shue also knew how to communicate with the modern superstar. "Nobody is going to blame you if we lose," he told Hayes. "Nobody is going to say anything if you miss a shot or commit a turnover. Just play ball, Elvin. Forget all that stuff you got in San Diego and Houston. All that is over."

Hayes saw in Shue another Guy Lewis. In Hayes' eyes, Shue was clean, Catholic, crew-cut and compassionate. His was the kind of life Hayes craved. So Hayes, raised a Methodist, converted to Catholicism. That season the Bullets won the Central Division title, only to lose in the playoffs to the New York Knicks. Shue left the Bullets for Philadelphia, but his impression on Hayes was lasting.

At home that summer in Houston, Hayes was attending Mass regularly but was becoming disenchanted with the Catholic ritual. In general, he felt uneasy about his future. "All the things I had done in my life made it seem like I had succeeeded," he says, "and yet I knew I had failed. I was not the person I really wanted to be. If I was successful, where was the joy?"

One Sunday while mowing his lawn, Hayes felt moved to join Erna at her Pentecostal church. During the service he was called to the pulpit by the Rev. J. L. Parker. "He whispered in my ear, 'God showed me your life.' " Hayes says. "And he told me about some things I had done in San Diego, New York and back in Louisiana. He didn't have any way of knowing these things, and yet he did. He said, 'Christ had told us to enter into a closet and pray secretly to the Father. He will answer you in the open.' "

Hayes took Parker's words almost literally. He took his Bible into a tiny room and remained for days, reading Revelation and Matthew. When he came out, he says, "I was infused with the spirit of Jesus." News of Hayes' rebirth was met with skepticism. Stories of his problems in Houston and San Diego were recycled, as if they would somehow invalidate Hayes' religious experience.

In 1973, K. C. Jones took over as the Bullets' coach. That year they again won their division, and again lost in the playoffs to the Knicks. The following season, with Unseld, Mike Riordan, Truck Robinson and Nick Weatherspoon up front, and Phil Chenier, Kevin Porter and Jimmy Jones in the backcourt, the Bullets were a powerhouse. They won 60 games and tied Boston for the best record in the league. In the playoffs they took out Buffalo, the league's third-best team, and then the Celtics in six games to reach the finals. Their opponent was Golden State, an underdog that had somehow beaten Chicago. The Warriors were given no chance against the Bullets, but swept the series 4–0.

Hannum's explanation was, "Hayes quit colder than a mackerel." Others noted that the bench support that powered the Bullets to the finals had disappeared. Weatherspoon, who had come off the bench to rattle Buffalo and Boston with 12.2 points a game, had a total of 16 against the Warriors. Jones, the steady third guard, was lost with a knee injury in the Boston series. With him gone, the Warriors' strategy was to harass Porter, the Bullets' volatile point guard. They succeeded in keeping him in constant foul trouble. Because Unseld is not a scorer, and Riordan was being eaten alive by Rick Barry, it was clear that Hayes would have to be the Bullets' show. So Golden State threw waves of big forwards at him, just as Seattle did last year. Hayes averaged 21 points and 11 rebounds, but that was not enough. The Bullets' starters outscored the Warriors' starters 321–251, but Golden State got 147 points from its bench while Washington had just 61.

The next year the Bullets were even stronger on paper. With Dave Bing replacing Porter, they had four All-Stars in the starting lineup. But they were upset by Cleveland in the playoffs. Hayes got most of the blame again, and when K. C. Jones was fired, some blamed Hayes for that as well. In 1977, after Houston knocked the Bullets out, Dick Motta, Washington's new coach, beat most reporters to the question. "It seems that whenever the Bullets lose in the playoffs Elvin gets blamed." And so he did.

Then came Hayes' long-awaited triumph of last June. His elation was unbounded, and despite the press criticism, Hayes' good relationship with the Washington fans never deteriorated. During playoff games at Capital Centre last spring, they held up thousands of white cards containing a single block letter and screamed "EEEEEEE!!!" loud enough to topple the Washington Monument. During the Bullets' victory parade, no one drew more adoration than Hayes.

Now, stretched out in his den, getting ready to start from scratch again, Hayes smiles and says, "You know, winning that championship was a very happy moment in my life. That night after the final game in Seattle I felt tremendous joy and happiness. I was all by myself in my hotel room, all high, couldn't sleep—oh, just happy. Then we got back to Washington and it was just out of sight. I still remember the joy of winning that championship but I don't feel it anymore. That joy was only for a little while . . ." END

Atlantic Division



BOSTON NEEDS COWENS' BACKING

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose, a Frenchman is rumored to have muttered Could it have been Arnold (*Rouge*) Auerbach on observing the opening-night lineups in the all-new, no-clue Atlantic Division? The upheaval in the East began before last season when the New York Knicks changed coaches Eighteen days into the season the Philadelphia 76ers changed coaches, too. Then the Boston Celtics did. Following the season, the Buffalo Braves changed owners, not to mention names, divisions, cities, states, foreign borders and heating bills Then, under cover of summer the Knicks changed centers, the 76ers changed forwards, the Nets changed owners and guards and the Celtics changed forwards and guards. So how, one might ask the Frenchman, can anything stay the same? Well, Washington. *Washington?* Sorry. Yes, the Washington Bullets moved over from the Central into the Atlantic with precisely the same lineup that won the NBA championship last spring

"They didn't dare break up our winning combination There would be questions to answer," says Bullet reserve Mitch Kupchak, the man who picked up the elusive title after it rolled through various Seattle legs and deposited it in the basket with 90 seconds left in the seventh game of the final series.

As it happened, the contributions of Kupchak, Charlie Johnson and the rest of the Washington bench warmers provided the sliver of difference between the Bullets and the Sonics, and it will be Washington's depth and versatility that Coach Dick Motta will count on again this season. "We can give opponents so many different looks," Motta says. "I can play the power game or the quick game. I can scramble. I can win on defense. Or I can shoot you to death."

The Bullets can do these things all right, as long as their fearsome forecourt holds up But Elvin Hayes is 32 and Wes Unseld's knees are approximately 62. During the Bullets' trip to Israel in September playoff MVP Unseld defied reality by floating his 240 pounds on the Dead Sea He didn't sink. Now he is returning for his 11th season The Bullets should stay afloat too

Forward Bob Dandridge didn't do much for all that championship harmony of last spring by missing the exhibition season, reportedly because he was upset that other members of the Bullets were pulling down higher salaries. So it will be three weeks, perhaps longer, before he's at peak playing strength.

Tom Henderson leads the backcourt defense, and lefthander Kevin Grevey fills it up at the other end just as he did last season when he replaced the injured Phil Chenier. Chenier's return, following back surgery, is not imminent, which gives rookie Roger Phegley of Bradley a chance to stick. Perhaps weighed down by their championship rings, the Bullets lost their first five exhibition games. "It's a long season," sighed an unruffled Motta. "We'll probably only be picked third in our division, anyway."

Some say fourth, assuming that Marvin Webster and Marvin Barnes can prevent their respective new clients, the Knicks and Celtics, from collapsing. The division title already has been awarded to—all together now—the Philadelphia 76ers, who looked nothing short of sensational after breaking camp at tiny Lancaster, Pa. in the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. If you can imagine the big-city Sixers coexisting peacefully with the bearded, behatted denizens of that Amish wonderland, you can believe anything.

To wit: Darryl Dawkins "low-profiling it" and refusing to adorn his jam baskets with such immortal descriptions as The Dunk You Very Much Dunk. Or Lloyd Free admitting his play last year deserved only "World" ranking instead of "All-world."

Do the 76ers owe Philadelphia two? After the team was upset in the playoffs for the second year, owner Fitz Dixon probably owed it to McGinnis to get him out of a town where he had become the scapegoat for everybody. Off to Denver went McGinnis, and Bobby Jones, he of the immaculate hands, passes and defensive moves, arrived to complement Julius Erving in the corners. "Bobby will be our defensive coordinator," says Erving. "We can learn and absorb from him." Meanwhile, the Doctor has been named captain and has positively taken charge of the 76ers. "The physical talent is here," he says "Something just has to come from within to make us a champion. What we've done is change the chemistry and the makeup of the team, created a new set of circumstances and started there rather than taking a piece out of the puzzle and then sticking another in its place On paper, we should have the ideally compatible team. It should work if we take up the slack rebounding-wise with our centers."

Coach Billy Cunningham's newly installed "continuity offense" and "merit system" make certain that the 76ers will emphasize passing and movement and not worry anymore about getting equal playing time. "No more spots or minutes guaranteed," says Erving. "We'll go with who is hot You'll get a blow, but you won't sit there for 10 minutes That's not a blow, that's a coma." Rookie Guard Maurice Cheeks should have enough cheek to earn a job with the star-heavy Philadelphians, but the biggest surprise may be the increased involvement in the offense of Centers Dawkins and Caldwell Jones "This is a complete overhaul," says Cunningham "This is my team now."

Speaking of overhauls, the Celtics didn't do badly in that department following a season in which they lost 50 games and missed the playoffs for the first time in seven years When the dust had cleared from the Great Swap, not only did Barnes wind up in Boston Garden, but Billy Knight and Tiny Archibald did, too. "What we have here," said Celtic Trainer Frank Challant, "are a bunch of guys with a bunch of things to prove." Sure enough, both Knight (knee) and Archibald (Achilles tendon) are coming off injuries, as is veteran Jo Jo White (heel) Though White and Archibald are quarterback types, Coach Satch Sanders says they have exhibited "a commonality of respect close to utopia." Celtic observers only hope cornerman Knight, a scoring machine during previous NBA stops at Indiana and Buffalo, can play close to the utopian form of the retired John Havlicek.

Unfortunately, there is concern over Dave Cowens' back, which he re-injured on a weight machine last month. In Cowens' absence, Barnes has played erratically in the pivot and muscleman Earl Williams has been a revelation. The Celtics don't get all that many rebounds even with a sound Cowens, without him, the team may exhibit a commonality of despair But Cowens said he was feeling better toward the end of the exhibition season, which was good news for Sanders—and Barnes.

Down the coast, there is nothing but jubilation now that Knick Coach Willis Reed has the rebounding, shot-blocking center he lusted after. Reed figured that last season his team lost 21 of 28 games to opponents with effective big centers. "It's not so much what Marvin Webster is going to do for us," says Reed "It's what he's going to keep

the other people from doing *against* us."

Which is all fine and good on the defensive end, where the Knicks were much the worst team in basketball last year. But how is Webster, who was effective in Seattle's slow, deliberate, walk-the-ball attack, going to react in the Big Apple when he looks around and finds McAdoo and the helter-skelter Knicks racing upcourt for those hurry-up jumpers and making foolhardy turnovers?

Reed didn't pay much attention to holdouts by veterans Jim McMillian and Earl Monroe, inasmuch as he wants to play sophomore Glen Gondrezick and rookie surprise Greg Bunch at small forward and get fewer shooters and more passers and handlers into the backcourt. Michael (Sugar) Ray Richardson, who is coming off a hairline fracture of his right ankle, is this year's Walt Frazier, hoping to succeed where Ray Williams, last year's Walt Frazier, failed. If they are not the answer, playmaker Jim Cleamons and shooter Mike Glenn might be an even better combination.

And keep an eye on the New Jersey Nets, who might be the most improved team in the league. Coach Kevin Loughery's self-described "total backcourt" can suddenly stand proud with other guard combinations because John Williamson and Eric Money can score, Fast Eddie Jordan can pass and smooth rookie Winford Boynes looks like a budding star who can do both. Money came over from Detroit in exchange for league assist leader Kevin Porter, whom he used to understudy in malcontentedness in Motown. Williamson, of course, is that modest fellow who took a leave of absence from Indiana last season and then came back to lead the NBA in scoring over the second half. "I am one of the top players in this league," says Williamson. "The guys I play against tell me what kind of talent I have. That's why they call me Supe." (And you thought it was because he played defense like a vegetable.)

Last season's quick-striking rookie, Bernard King, balances the score sheets at forward, and when Williamson isn't wearing out his arm, King will be. From 12 feet in, he's an automatic two points. The same cannot be said for the other Nets, specifically Center George Johnson, who led the league in blocked shots. Considering his shooting percentage (.395), Johnson may have been better off blocking some of his own outrageous deliveries.

Last season, Wilson Washington typified the sad-sack Nets when he showed up for practice one day only to be told by a custodian there was no practice. The custodian failed to mention that instead of a practice there happened to be a game. Washington did *not* show up for that. This year the Nets need not be so embarrassed when they arrive at games. "This division has all the good teams in it," says Jordan. "That means we're one of the good teams." Not so fast, Fast Eddie. Back to, uh, practice.

Central
Division



LANIER POWERS THE PISTONS

The world champion Washington Bullets won't have the Central Division to kick around anymore, which should make life more agreeable this season in Cleveland and San Antonio, and especially so in Houston.

Detroit replaces the Bullets, who moved to the Atlantic, but this change will not affect the remaining balance of power, as the Pistons essentially run on one cylinder, Center Bob Lanier. However, Rick Barry, who signed with Houston as a free agent, is capable of turning the more talent-laden Rockets around. Houston was in the basement almost from the first tip-off last season, even though the Rockets were expected to repeat as Central champions. The only category in which Houston led the league was injuries, nine players missing a total of 221 games. The most devastating loss was that of Rudy Tomjanovich, whose face was fractured by a punch delivered by then-Laker Kermit Washington on Dec. 9. Without him the Rockets dropped 41 games, while winning 18. Moreover, for 23 of those games Center Moses Malone was sidelined with a stress fracture in his right foot. Nonetheless, he led the NBA in offensive rebounds for the second straight year. Now that Malone and Tomjanovich are fully recovered, and Barry has arrived, the Rockets should reclaim the title they won in 1976-77. Among his other heartening statistics, in eight NBA seasons Barry has missed only 14 games.

At Golden State, teammates accused Barry of bossing them around, but he now seems prepared to accept whatever role the Rockets ask him to play. "He will complement me by his willingness to work with the ball," says Tomjanovich, who has sensed a mellowing in his new teammate.

"I have nothing to prove. I don't care if I score six points a game," says Barry, who has a career scoring average of 25.6. "I know I'll be able to give the ball to our shooters enough that they'll be happy as pigs in slop. But the key to the Rockets' success is Moses Malone."

The 24-year-old, 6′ 10″ Malone is rapidly becoming one of the league's dominant centers. He has gained nearly 20 pounds, now weighing in at 230, and as trainer Dick Vandervoort says, "He's starting to walk like Wilt Chamberlain." The Rockets, who lost their smooth playmaker, John Lucas, to Golden State as compensation for Barry, acquired Slick Watts from New Orleans for backcourt depth. He will play alongside either Calvin Murphy or Robert Reid, a 6′ 8″ second-year man from St. Mary's (Texas), who has been shifted from forward. Watts, who led the league in steals and assists in 1975-76, gives Coach Tom Nissalke defense and speed, Murphy gives him scoring (25.6) and Reid may give him all of the above plus rebounding.

But the injury curse hasn't lost its potency. Guard Mike Newlin caught a finger in Reid's jersey during a scrimmage and wound up with a fractured finger and a seat on the bench. That same afternoon Murphy caught a calf in the mouth of a German shepherd and wound up with a couple of teeth marks.

Like the German shepherd, San Antonio will be snapping at Houston's heels. The only time the Spurs collapse is in the playoffs, but Coach Doug Moe isn't panicking. He has made no major changes and has no plans to alter the running and passing game that last season produced a club-record 52 wins.

"We run the opposition down and then we shoot them down," says reserve Forward Allan Bristow. Indeed, last year only the 76ers outscored the Spurs, who averaged 114.5 points per game. "We have the ability to move the ball around, and no matter who gets it we can score," says Center Billy Paultz, who averaged 15.8 points a game last season. But the Spurs' key man is George Gervin, who led the league in scoring with a 27.22 average and makes the Spurs' offense go. That being so, the Spurs are expecting to roll smoothly until 1984. After lengthy see-saw talks, San Antonio agreed to renegotiate Gervin's $150,000 contract, giving him a reported $300,000 a year for six years.

Either Mike Gale or James Silas, whose injured knee has kept him off the court for most of the last two seasons, will play in the backcourt with Gervin. In the frontcourt, reliable Larry Kenon does the scoring (20.6), and Coby Dietrick and muscleman Mark Ol-

continued

berding (6′ 8″, 230) assist Paultz inside.

"Our strength is that the same basic group of players have been together for four years," says Assistant Coach Bob Bass. But the Spurs have been bullied about for years by bigger teams. More than any other club, San Antonio should benefit from the rule change that prohibits hand-checking. And the Spurs excel at the foul line, where they led the league with 80% accuracy. However, this can't make up for the Spurs' lack of rebounding. Their 1,030 offensive boards in 1977-78 earned them the league's booby prize.

What happens to the Cleveland Cavaliers every April and May? Each year they make the playoffs, only to falter. Now the question is: Can the Cavs even *make* the playoffs, after getting there three seasons in a row?

Cleveland has the experience, the ability and the coaching. What the Cavaliers lack is consistency. Center Elmore Smith (7′, 250 pounds) is more than intimidating on defense and his soft touch is effective (12.5 points per game). But too often he neglects to do what he is capable of doing. Backup Center Jim Chones, whose job Elmore took last season, will take over if Smith fails to produce. Forward Jim Brewer provides defense and rebounding but Campy Russell, who, at 26, may yet emerge as the dominant player the Cavs so desperately need, still confines himself solely to the task of scoring nearly 20 points a game. Walt Frazier, who moved his fur coats and his cars to Cleveland last year, got off to a bad start with Coach Bill Fitch when he was suspected of babying a foot injury. Guard Terry Furlow, acquired from Philadelphia last exhibition season, provides a constant reminder to Frazier, Austin Carr and Foots Walker that jobs are never secure in the NBA.

Here is the corporate policy of the Atlanta Hawks: don't hire high-priced talent, teach the marginal, disregard the veteran and hope for the future. The man who conceived such heresy is Ted Turner, the yachtsman who purchased the Hawks two years ago to prevent the team from leaving town. The Hawks' playbook preaches the same philosophy; Coach Hubie Brown believes he can get something from nothing and that, in fact, more is less.

In some areas, however, Atlanta, 41–41 in 1977-78, has strengthened itself. Last season the Hawks trailed the league in rebounding but, with the signing of free-agent Dan Roundfield, they should improve in that respect. Brown also has two masterful shot blockers in 7′ 1″ Wayne (Tree) Rollins and the 6′ 8″ Roundfield. By drafting Guard Butch Lee from Marquette, Brown gained a shooter; he already has a quarterback in Armond Hill. Feisty Guards Eddie Johnson and 5′ 8″ Charlie Criss are back, and former Trail Blazer starter Geoff Petrie, coming off knee surgery again, is trying to make a comeback. Says Brown, "We'll probably have six guys with one year or less experience and Hill, our team leader, only has two." Twenty-four-year-old John Drew, who led the team in scoring with a 23.2 average last season, is Atlanta's link to a forgettable past. Brown hopes he'll lead the Hawks to a memorable future.

If desire were all that's required to make the playoffs, then the reVitalized Detroit Pistons would glide right in. The Pistons have a new coach and general manager, Dick Vitale, a spanking new home under the Silverdome and a new exuberance, but they have to transform chaos into order.

Last season the Pistons led the league in turnovers, so Vitale, who last coached the University of Detroit, is stressing fundamentals, assigning every player a number from one to five, corresponding to a role and a place on the court. "He's given us a much more defined running game," says Forward M. L. Carr. "Last year we ran on instinct." Carr will be firing away from the outside, particularly off the fast break, while John Shumate will complement Lanier by rebounding from the power forward spot. In an attempt to rid the Pistons of their long-standing dissension, Vitale sent unhappy Guard Eric Money to New Jersey in exchange for Kevin Porter, who left Detroit last season because *he* was unhappy. Porter gives Vitale quickness, penetration and ball handling, and all he asks of Guard Chris Ford is a bit more scoring than his 10.5-point average last season.

Lanier says he has never been happier in his eight years as a Piston. He's survived the bickering and jealousy among players and coaches, and injuries to himself. Now 30 years old and recovering from his third knee operation, the 6′ 11″, 255-pound center will score his 25 points a game and probably improve his shooting percentage for the sixth year in a row.

New Orleans Jazz Coach Elgin Baylor, the third-highest scorer in NBA history, is looking for a way to improve the club record of 39 wins set last season. His ace, Pete Maravich, is still recovering from knee surgery, but in the first preseason game he scored 21 points in 22 minutes. Gail Goodrich, Maravich's 34-year-old backcourt partner, averaged 16 points last season and reported to camp at a trim 166 pounds, a drop of 15 pounds from 1977. Center Rich Kelley has never given the Jazz much offense, but Forward Aaron James is starting to give them defense. Guard Jimmy McElroy's jumping ability provides the Jazz rebounding and defense. Their No. 1 draft pick, 220-pound James Hardy of San Francisco, got a quick indoctrination into board crashing in the NBA when Truck Robinson, the league's leading rebounder last year, refused to attend training camp, claiming there was a separate set of rules for team Captain Maravich and demanding to be traded. He finally showed up shortly before the season started, still unhappy. So the Jazz' season-ticket slogan, "You can bet on the fire of the Pistol and the power of the Truck" seems a questionable wager.

Midwest
Division



JOHNSON BUCKS UP MILWAUKEE

This is the division in which Denver always runs off with the title, Chicago and Milwaukee surprise everyone by being either terrific or awful, Indiana stages a telethon to stay alive and Kansas City finishes sixth in the Continental League. But this year things should be different. All five teams are capable of making a run at the playoffs.

Denver, in fact, can be a contender for the NBA championship provided Coach Larry Brown's "chemistry" does not blow up in his face, the two volatile agents added to the delicate mixture being George McGinnis and Charlie Scott. "Exactly what we needed to complete the puzzle," says Brown, which is, in effect, what he said upon the arrival of Paul Silas (1976) and Brian Taylor (1977), both of whom soon departed. What makes Brown think McGinnis and Scott will blend in? "They've both been misunderstood. They haven't had a lot of love," he says.

Truly the mind boggles at the prospect of those two playing up to their potential in Brown's passing-game offense and deny-the-ball defense: the 6′ 8″, 235-pound McGinnis pounding the boards and, along with Center Dan Issel, closing down the basket area to all comers; the 6′ 6″ Scott running the offense and taking turns attacking the hoop with David Thompson; all this while second-year man Anthony (Woosie) Roberts leads the fast break.

But McGinnis had Brown pacing the halls of his hotel during training camp, mainly be-

continued

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cause Brown had to give up defensive whiz Bobby Jones to get him from Philadelphia. "I'd have long talks with George," says Brown, "tell him how much we need him and what he needs to do, and he'd say, 'Perfect, coach.' Then in practice he'd be the last in everything, pulling up for that trashy jumper, forgetting what we talked about." At times during the exhibition season, McGinnis seemed to be paying attention. At other times, he left Brown wondering

On the day that Denver traded Ron Boone to Los Angeles for Scott, GM Carl Scheer declared, "This is one of the most significant days in the history of the franchise. Charlie Scott's reputation precedes him." Indeed it did, and fans were thinking more of his tag as a troublemaker in Phoenix, Boston and L.A. than his lofty credentials as a player. "Charles is Charles," says Brown of his fellow North Carolina alumnus. "He'll drive us all crazy at times, but he wants to be accepted."

There are no doubts about Issel, who is coming off the best year of his career, or Thompson, who finished the regular season by scoring 73 points against Detroit to fatten his NBA career average to 26.5. And this year the Nuggets have unprecedented depth. The backcourt has 6′ 7″ Bobby Wilkerson and 5′ 11″ Robert Smith, and rookie Hollis Copeland, a 6′ 5″ showstopper from Rutgers, has been used as a swingman. Kim Hughes will back up Issel, while 6′ 9″ Tom Boswell, who never got a fair shot in Boston; Geff Crompton, a 6′ 11″, 282-pound hulk who barely played at North Carolina; and 6′ 7″ Phil Hicks more than make up for the failures of No. 1 draft pick Rod Griffin from Wake Forest and second-year man Bo Ellis.

After their meteoric rise last season on the shoulders of rookie Forward Marques Johnson, the Milwaukee Bucks have done nothing to improve themselves, except to grow a year older. Now if they can get Kent Benson to grow into an NBA center, they will do even more damage in the playoffs than they did last year, when they upset Phoenix and took Denver to seven games. Coach Don Nelson flew to Indianapolis early in the summer to have a heart-to-heart talk with Benson. "We hit about all there was to hit," says Nelson, who then sent Benson to the Southern California Summer League, in which he was named MVP. He reported to training camp 15 pounds under his 245-pound playing weight of last season, and in excellent shape.

Nelson still will start John Gianelli, who did a solid job with the Bucks last year. "But it is not inconceivable that Bennie will be my center before long if he keeps progressing," says Nelson. Alas, that appears to be wishful thinking. As for Johnson, although Phoenix' Walter Davis beat him out for Rookie of the Year honors, he thoroughly outplayed Davis in the playoffs, averaging 24 points and 12.4 rebounds. Johnson and David Meyers are back in the corners with a bit more pressure on them since Milwaukee lost Alex English, its fifth-leading scorer, to Indiana. There's a scramble for the backup forward jobs among 6′ 6″ Ernie Grunfeld, 6′ 10″ Kevin Restani, and rookies Otis Howard (6′ 7″) out of Austin Peay and George Johnson (6′ 7″) out of St. John's.

The backcourt is settled, getting direction from Quinn Buckner, deadeye shooting from Brian Winters and relief from Junior Bridgeman and peppery Lloyd Walton.

Chicago is bringing back Larry Costello, known in his Milwaukee coaching days for his short hair and 400-pound playbook. Surely the stern and humorless Costello would have trouble relating to the likes of Norm Van Lier and Artis Gilmore. "There are no problems," says Bulls Managing Partner Jonathan Kovler.

To his credit, Costello thinks his two years out of the league helped him bridge a gap between NBA generations. "I've seen happy teams and unhappy teams," he says, "and I think I know what makes the happy teams happy." Abridging the monster playbook to six basic patterns was a step in the right direction.

The forwards will be Scott May and Mickey Johnson and Gilmore is set at center. However, backcourtmen John Mengelt and Van Lier are twisting slowly in the trade winds. "I'm always on the block," says Van Lier.

Costello was taking plenty of time evaluating his guards before choosing his starting combination. Rookie Reggie Theus, the No. 1 pick from Nevada-Las Vegas, is a strong candidate. The 6′ 6½″ Theus gives the Bulls the big guard they haven't had since Jerry Sloan. Theus, who had knee surgery over the summer, will apparently start alongside Wilbur Holland, the 6′ lefty "Dr. Junk," forcing the disconsolate Van Lier to the bench.

With the exception of Theus, the provisional starting five is essentially the same unit that won 20 of its last 24 games in 1976-77, but last season lost 19 of its last 30 after knee injuries to May and reserve Center Tom Boerwinkle. Gilmore comes off a super year—23 points, 13 rebounds per game—and May is now sound, but until Boerwinkle recovers from the surgery he underwent 10 months ago, former Celtic Jim Ard will back up Gilmore, and until the Bulls can find another forward, only Mark Landsberger, a 6′ 8″ second-year player, provides relief for the cornermen.

If anyone in the NBA deserves to be a winner, it is Slick Leonard, Indiana's coach and general manager. He has begged and borrowed money, peddled tickets door to door and completely rebuilt his team for the second consecutive year to try to revitalize the Pacers, who were 31–51 last season. Only Guard Ricky Sobers, Forwards Mike Bantom and Steve Green and reserve Center Len Elmore began last season in Indianapolis, the nine other players coming via the draft, free agency and the kind of deals that earned Leonard his nickname. He traded the No. 1 pick in the college draft to Portland in exchange for the outstanding third-year Guard Johnny Davis and used his No. 3 pick to draft 6′ 10½″ Rick Robey, Kentucky's All-America forward. In the second round he picked 6′ 3″, 205-pound Indiana U. Guard Wayne Radford, described by his coach, Bobby Knight, as "a Quinn Buckner who can shoot." Leonard also dealt a future draft choice to Portland for Forward Corky Calhoun, who plays good D, traded Earl Tatum to Boston for its 1980 first-round draft choice, and signed Alex English, who was a free agent. Measured against his only loss, Forward Dan Roundfield, who jumped to Atlanta, Slick came out well ahead.

Robey, a banger who can shoot the medium jumper and go up and down the floor well for his size, will start in one corner, Bantom in the other. English, who averaged 9.6 points on 54% shooting in Milwaukee last year, will come off the bench, as will Calhoun and 6′ 7″ swingman Pop Carrington. The center is 7′ 1″ James Edwards, who averaged 15.4 points for the Pacers after they acquired him from the Lakers in midseason. Davis and Sobers will start in the backcourt, with Kevin Stacom and Radford in reserve. This should be the Pacers' strongest team since George McGinnis left in 1975, and Leonard is sticking his neck out. "We're a playoff club," he says, "no question about it. I'm predicting we're going to win at least 40 games, maybe more. Baby, we're due."

Kansas City, which tied the Pacers for last place in the division last year, will be much better as well, owing to a new coach, Cotton Fitzsimmons, a new lead guard, Phil Ford, and a new starting center, Tommy Burleson. When the Kings chose Ford, the brilliant North Carolina playmaker, as the second pick in the college draft, K.C. General Manager Joe Axelson said, "Cotton has visions of handing Ford the ball and letting him run the show for the next 12 years. Ford and [Guard Otis] Birdsong should work like a ball and a glove." Birdsong averaged 24 points a game after he became a starter at the end of last season. Veteran Lucius Allen, second-year man John Kuester and rookies Marlon Redmond (San Francisco) and Billy McKinney (Northwestern) are the backcourt reserves.

Fitzsimmons gave a full vote of confidence to Burleson at center and is backing him up with former Pacer-Net-Nugget Darnell Hillman and Sam Lacey, who was woeful last year. Bill Robinzine, the bruising power forward who has finally recovered from a broken ankle suffered two seasons ago, and smart, quick Scott Wedman, who chose to stay with the Kings rather than become a free agent, will start in the corners, with Richard Washington and Bob Nash in reserve

continued

Pacific
Division



WESTPHAL IS A FAVORITE SUN

Judging by the looks of the Pacific Division, the ship has capsized and the survivors are struggling to reach shore. This year the division that has given us an NBA playoff finalist in six of the last seven seasons should be wide open: the team that can stay injury-free and put a live center on the floor will win it. Hardest hit is the great Northwest, where the Portland Trail Blazers, the 1977 NBA champions, open the season with a lineup that will make a nightly packed house of 12,411 recall the days of Rick Adelman and Shaler Halimon. In Seattle, where Marvin Webster won plaudits for almost leading the Sonics to last year's championship and then made a fast break to New York, a search is under way for somebody—anybody—to play center. In Los Angeles, Jerry West will surround Kareem Abdul-Jabbar with another cast of spear carriers, while Golden State will take the floor minus golden boy Rick Barry for the first time in six years. Phoenix, unaffected by the coastal upheaval, still has plenty of talent and Center Alvan Adams. San Diego has a new franchise—what used to be the Buffalo Braves. The team is now called the Clippers, after the sailing ships. They will rapidly sink to the bottom of the Pacific.

With Bill Walton out of the picture at least until January—and who knows where he will be then—Abdul-Jabbar suddenly towers all by his lonesome in the division. And, if the officials continue to toot their whistles every time a defensive man lays a hand on an opponent, as they did in the preseason, Abdul-Jabbar will be undefendable. That is, if he wants to be. Kareem was not overpowering enough in the Lakers' first-round playoff loss to Seattle. While West seethed in the locker room after the Lakers were eliminated, Abdul-Jabbar and Guard Charlie Scott happily brandished new tennis rackets and discussed the relative merits of metal versus graphite. West would have shipped Scott to Denver then and there if he'd had the Nuggets' telephone number handy. As it was, the Lakers traded Scott in June.

Kareem isn't going anywhere, of course, but if his attitude stays the same as it was in training camp, when he often appeared to be sleepwalking, neither will the Lakers. More than once, Abdul-Jabbar asked to go to the rest room when it came time to run laps, and when his teammates warmed up before practice with extra shooting, Kareem often curled up in a corner with a newspaper. When L.A. traveled to Fresno for its first exhibition game, Kareem forgot his uniform.

There are indications that perfectionist West might be getting fed up with Kareem's passive attitude. The feeling among some of those close to the team is that Kareem doesn't care about basketball anymore; certainly, he looked sluggish in preseason games. Whatever he was thinking, he wouldn't say, because he was boycotting the L.A. press over a story that said he demanded $5,000 to spend 30 minutes talking to wayward juveniles during the summer.

Nevertheless, the Lakers should win the division, largely because the team that was devastated by injuries—and Kermit Washington's suspension last year—is hale. Also, there is one notable addition. For Scott, West acquired 6' 2" Guard Ron Boone from Kansas City (via Denver), a strong, smooth-shooting iron man who has played in 826 consecutive games and has a 19.9-point career average. Boone will start next to second-year man Norm Nixon—the Lakers' best playmaker since West himself—who was fourth in the league in assists last year. West calls him "one of my two irreplaceables."

A broken left foot kept 6' 8" Kenny Carr out most of his rookie season, and a broken right foot kept him out of camp this year. But he should be ready this week and thus give West three flexible cornermen, the others being Adrian Dantley and Jamaal Wilkes, who missed 28 of the last 34 regular-season games with a broken finger. "Fifty," says West. "This team should win 50."

"It's a good feeling," says Phoenix General Manager Jerry Colangelo, "to know your house is in order while all the others on the block are in need of repair." Not that the Suns didn't need a little patchwork done on their shattered dreams after they roared off to a 36–16 start, finished 13–17, and then got burned by Milwaukee in the first round of the playoffs.

Adams, a superb passer and runner, led the Suns to the NBA finals as a rookie three seasons ago. And when he said he had an eye on medical school, the Suns assumed he wanted to be a doctor, not a patient, which he was for most of the next two seasons. If he is fit, the Suns can finesse themselves into contention—if Ron Lee, the Suns' third guard, can keep from smashing himself up in his headlong pursuit of loose balls. In peerless Paul Westphal and selfless Don Buse, the Suns may have the league's best starting backcourt; Lee's defense gives them extraordinary depth. Even so, Westphal was miffed last year because of limited playing time, especially in the playoffs. He averaged 25.2 points and Buse was fifth in the NBA in steals (Lee was first), and both played just 31 minutes a game. What the Suns need is help in the frontcourt. Walter Davis ran away with Rookie of the Year honors last year, but a back injury to Curtis Perry and a poor performance from Gar Heard caused the Suns to fold. Perry has retired, leaving a glaring need for muscle. To that end, Coach John MacLeod is experimenting with 6' 10" Bayard Forrest as the big forward on offense—and center on defense—to spare Adams further beatings. Unfortunately, Forrest moves like one, so Heard could get the job back or it could go to second-year man Alvin Scott, who has bulked up from 185 pounds to 205. Also backing up Adams is Dennis Awtrey, now in his ninth year and sporting a menacing beard. "The Pacific Division has to have a big, redheaded, bearded iconoclast," he says.

With the departure of Barry for Houston, everyone in the Golden State camp is on equal footing for the first time since 1972, and everyone is having fun. "Morale is up tremendously," Coach Al Attles says. It isn't hard to figure why. Barry's presence was overwhelming. He dominated every player, and the limelight.

John Lucas, whom Golden State got in compensation for Barry, is the playmaking guard the Warriors have been searching for since Guy Rodgers left in 1966. He plays with a maturity that belies his two years in the NBA. Attles points out that last year, a woeful one for the Rockets, Lucas had 768 assists and just 213 turnovers. "He's the kind of player who makes everyone better," says Attles.

The one who will benefit most is Guard Phil Smith, who sparkled when the Warriors won the championship in 1975, his rookie year, but apparently became intimidated by the Barry-oriented offense. "Rick dominated the ball," he says. "He wasn't one to move up and down the floor the way Luke can." Smith will make Lucas better, too. At Houston, Lucas played next to little Calvin Murphy; thus he was always matched against the opponents' big guard. Alongside the 6' 4" Smith, Lucas, who is 6' 3", will generally have the matchup advantage. With the playmaking of Lucas and Charles Dudley, and Smith free

continued

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to concentrate on his scoring abilities. Attles will move his offense closer to the basket, where it will work off the center tandem of Robert Parish and Clifford Ray.

With Barry gone, everyone may see the ball more, but they're not going to be able to do with it what Rick did. Many will try. 6′ 6″ swingman Sonny Parker, 6′ 5″ Nate Williams, 6′ 7″ rookie Purvis Short, the team's leading scorer and rebounder in training-camp scrimmages, and former Laker Tom Abernethy. On the power side is E. C. Coleman, the defensive gem.

Seattle Coach Lenny Wilkens is desperate for a center. "You spend a whole year developing a good team and all of a sudden you lose a key part of it," he says. Wilkens was referring, of course, to Webster, who jumped to the Knicks.

Wilkens still has a backcourt of Gus Williams and Dennis Johnson—two of the best young guards in the game—plus Fred Brown, surely the league's best off the bench, veteran shooter Dick Snyder and Forwards Jack Sikma, John Johnson, Paul Silas and Wally Walker. And the Sonics got Lonnie Shelton from the Knicks as part of their compensation for Webster. Quick for his size (6′ 8″, 245 pounds), Shelton has a good soft touch, is surprisingly adept at stealing the ball and can rebound, but plays so aggressively he often gets into foul trouble. The Sonics will need him badly.

Shelton is a better forward than center, however, which seems to leave the pivot to Sikma and 6′ 10″ Tommy LaGarde, who averaged just 11 minutes in 77 games after knee surgery as a rookie last year. "Tommy will surprise a lot of people," Wilkens says for public consumption. He will, when they see how bad he is. Sikma, who moved into the middle when Webster rested last year, will see plenty of action there this year, but he is far more effective facing the basket. "If I told you my gut feelings about what happened to this team," says Fred Brown, "I'd be on a plane to San Antonio in the morning."

Portland's immediate future looks grim, with Walton having quit, Forward Bob Gross still not recovered from a stress fracture of his left ankle, which he suffered last March 23, and Guard Larry Steele having broken his right ring finger during a summer one-on-one game. Steele could miss the first few weeks and Gross is sidelined indefinitely. Lloyd Neal, the invaluable power forward who backs up Maurice Lucas, is still out with an injured left knee that has already been operated on twice. He has been advised by several doctors to retire but is doggedly trying to come back. One guard, Lionel Hollins, is recovering from off-season knee surgery, and another, Dave Twardzik, missed the first three weeks of training camp with a bruised kidney. And Lucas is still complaining about a sore finger on his right hand. He was bothered most of last season by sore ligaments in both wrists.

All of which means that four rookies could make Portland's opening-day roster. If the wounded vets heal, the Blazers might be in pretty fair shape by the playoff stretch, provided they haven't fallen hopelessly behind. In the meantime, cunning Coach Jack Ramsay will make the most of what he's got by stressing a gluey defense and installing a high-post offense—a concession to Center Tom Owens, who is way out of Walton's league as an outlet passer and runner. To that end, at the beginning of the season, Ramsay will move T. R. Dunn into Twardzik's starting-guard slot alongside Hollins, which, says Ramsay, "absolutely gives us the best defensive backcourt in the league." Not a bad offensive one, either, especially when you add one of the Blazer rookie gems, 6′ 4″ Ron Brewer, a 56% career shooter at Arkansas.

Complementing Lucas at power forward will be the NBA's No. 1 draft pick 6′ 10″ Mychal Thompson, from Minnesota via the Bahamas. Thompson looked so good in an exhibition game against Phoenix that Suns Assistant Coach Al Bianchi leaped off the bench to protest that the beads Thompson wears around his neck are illegal. "They might be some kind of voodoo beads," he yelled. Filling in for Gross at small forward could be Missouri rookie Kim Anderson. The Blazers may need a little voodoo if they are to be contenders.

Movie mogul Irv Levin may not have been as shrewd, say, as Samuel Goldwyn when he traded the Boston Celtics for the 27–55 Buffalo Braves, swapped Marvin Barnes, Billy Knight and Tiny Archibald for Kevin Kunnert, Kermit Washington, Sidney Wicks and Freeman Williams and moved the franchise to San Diego. At least he did right by hiring Coach Gene Shue, who moved more than 50 players through the Clipper camp, including 41 rookies and free agents. "This is fun," Shue said. "It's like raising kids." Indeed, one day Shue opened practice like a first-grade teacher. "O.K.," he said, "are we ready to learn another play? Let's start with something simple. Let's learn an out-of-bounds play."

If the Clippers go anywhere it will be on inside strength, which they have plenty of, with Wicks and strongman Washington in the corners and Swen Nater, Kunnert, Scott Lloyd or Marquette rookie Jerome Whitehead in the middle. There is also the superb all-round play of all-star Guard Randy Smith. The other backcourt men are noted gunners Bird Averitt and Williams, the 6′ 4″ rookie from Portland State who led the NCAA in scoring the last two years and once popped in 81 points against Rocky Mountain College. "I always played zone," says Williams, "so this defense stuff is new to me." Comforting words for an NBA coach. **END**

Reports written by Curry Kirkpatrick, John Papanek and Melissa Lincoln

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by WILLIAM LEGGETT

SLAM-DUNKED BY THE RATINGS

It is no longer a media secret that last season's ratings for National Basketball Association games on CBS kept rolling around the old rim and falling off. The network went into the season hoping that the numbers would increase; after all, the 1977 Philadelphia-Portland championship series, starring Bill Walton and Julius Erving, had upped the pro basketball Nielsens to alltime highs. But because of the huge viewer decline during the final series last spring (minus 22%), some CBS affiliates have reexamined the NBA TV package. What they have found is that in all but that Walton-Erving year, pro baskets is unsuccessful as prime-time entertainment. The affiliates are so uninterested that it is still up in the air how many prime-time games will be carried by the network next spring.

The reasons advanced for the sharp decline, which hit regular-season viewing as well as playoff games, are as involved as the NBA schedule. One explanation is that in five of the six major TV markets—New York, L.A., Chicago, San Francisco and Boston—the teams were either dull and faceless or weren't contenders. In the sixth, Philadelphia, the 76ers had a troubled season and were eliminated a few weeks before the playoffs ended. Other observers maintain that there is a basic flaw in the structure of the game and that the casual viewer can enjoy the essence of any NBA contest simply by watching the final two minutes. Still others feel that the growing preponderance of blacks on the court is a factor. Also, whereas Los Angeles and, especially, Boston were once dynastic teams with national constituencies, there is now no dominant club with which an unaffiliated viewer can identify. In the last eight years seven different teams have won the championship.

Some doomsayers are predicting that if ratings don't rise sharply in the next seasons, pro basketball will eventually go the way hockey did on NBC and that the NBA may eventually find itself without the fat TV package that will split some $74 million among its 22 teams through the life of the NBA-CBS contract, which expires in 1982.

Whatever the reasons for their falloff, the ratings underline the fact that the situation is serious. WAGA-TV in Atlanta, for example, doesn't carry any NBA games and hasn't for the past five years even though it is a CBS affiliate and the city has an NBA franchise. "There's one reason, and one reason only," says station general manager Paul Raymond, "and that is simply that the NBA does not have a market in the city of Atlanta. The decision not to carry the network games was not arbitrary or capricious. We put a lot of time and research into it. It would benefit us to run them if anybody watched, but our research showed that no one was watching. I know that ratings for network games have eroded considerably in all markets except two or three." (Some network games were carried last season in Atlanta on UHF channels and drew woefully.)



NEITHER LENNY WILKENS NOR CBS HAD THE WINNING NUMBERS

Variety recently listed the 730 top-rated shows that played in prime time from Sept. 1, 1977 through Aug. 31 of this year. Overall, sports did well, taking four of the top five spots and six of the first nine with events like Super Bowl XII, Muhammad Ali fights, the NFC championship game and Game 6 of the World Series. The deciding game of the NBA playoffs, however, was tied for 442nd with *Peter Lundy & the Medicine Hat Stallion*, *The Hostage Heart* and *Country Night of Stars*. The next-highest NBA prime-time playoff game struggled home 619th. The NCAA basketball title game between Duke and Kentucky also was aired in prime time and came in 216th, dead-heating with *The Laughing Policeman*, *Battle of the Network Stars* and *Hanna-Barbera's All-Star Comedy Ice Revue*, among others. One can draw whatever conclusions one wants about sports in prime time, but should keep in mind that all but one of the six exciting major league baseball playoff games of 1977 did poorly when compared to the 138th-ranked *National Collegiate Cheerleading Championships*.

If nothing else, it seems clear that there is too much basketball on the tube. NBC does Saturday college doubleheaders, and on Sunday CBS often carries pro doubleheaders, while many independent stations air both local pro and college games. For those not interested in the hoops, a weekend in March can seem interminable. Those who do care for basketball tend to care deeply though not necessarily indiscriminately. The division of a fan allegiance between the college and pro game is deeper than it is in football.

Having paid for the NBA telecasts through 1982 (the league's original asking price of $88 million was turned down), CBS is going to try everything possible to pull its ratings up. The first two games, showcasing both of the championship final teams (Milwaukee vs. Seattle and Washington vs. Golden State), will be telecast at 11:30 p.m. E.S.T. Oct. 22 to test the waters. Until mid-January, when Sunday afternoon games are scheduled on a regular basis, CBS' sports department will be reviewing its problems. It is obvious to some that these include the playing of so much loud music that the telecasts have become an unpleasant exercise in Juke Box Journalism; the hiring and firing of so many announcers that viewers get no feeling of stability or continuity; a tawdry pregame show which, during last season's playoffs, involved mini-teams of celebrities and active and former NBA players competing against each other; and a ludicrous halftime show called "Horse." For those who feel that the last two minutes of NBA games are all you need to watch, and that they last too long anyway, the news is that they will likely last even longer. The reason for *that* is the added whistle of the NBA's new third official. **END**



Ah! Those punts hit the spot

A bare foot and a bowling technique help Jim Miller pin down Ole Miss' rivals

Jim Miller's 3,007 neighbors in Ripley, Miss. can believe it or not, but young Miller once was impressed by something he did in a football game. The 21-year-old junior punter for the University of Mississippi is a quiet country boy who is sort of abashed by his feats. During last year's LSU-Ole Miss game, however, Miller nearly had to pay the penalty for being enthralled by his own flashy footwork.

Miller had unleashed a towering punt and, while running downfield with the Rebel coverage unit, was admiring the spiraling ball and didn't notice the 6′ 6″ LSU lineman zeroing in on him. Moments before the collision the lineman pulled up short, did a double take and burst out laughing. Why? Well, for one thing, Miller's lurching gait looked a bit like a giraffe's. For another, blind-siding a punter who wears only one shoe would be half shoddy.

The 5′ 11″, 185-pound Miller has only punted barefoot for three years. Or since he came to Oxford from Ripley, tossed his right shoe aside during his first practice and went on to finish third among Southeastern Conference punters that season with a 40.5-yard average. Along the way, Miller set a school record with an 82-yard punt against South Carolina and stunned Tulane with a 76-yarder that, with the roll, covered 114 yards before the ball came to rest against a stadium fence.

If any of Miller's coaches entertained the idea that the freshman might do better with a shoe, that notion was discarded when Miller's punting led Ole Miss to a 10–7 upset of Alabama. In that game Miller dropped four punts dead inside the 10-yard line and another on the 14, and the Tide returned but two of his nine punts for a total of 12 yards. The victory was Mississippi's fifth in 32 games against Alabama, and had Miller thereafter told the Rebel coaching staff that he planned to punt in open-toed, high-heeled wedgies, no one would have objected.

Last season, as a sophomore, Miller was even better. He was the NCAA punting champion with a 45.9-yard average on 66 kicks, 17 of which went out of bounds, were downed or fair-caught inside the opponent's 20-yard line, and 26 of which exceeded 50 yards. His average broke the SEC record (45.3) that Charles Conerly, who played for Ole Miss, had held for 31 years.

Miller not only kicks them long, he kicks them high. He consistently "hangs" his kicks for about five seconds and has had one of 5.3, a time matched consistently only by Ray Guy of Oakland. Because Miller gets his punts away quickly—an average of two seconds after the snap—he has never had a punt blocked.

What this means to the Rebels, of course, is field position: an opponent must often march more than two-thirds of the field for a touchdown. "It's another first down our opponent has to make to get to the point where they'd normally get the ball," says Steve Sloan, who took over as head coach at Ole Miss this year. "Normally, the team that has the best field position has the best chance to win, and if the game were otherwise equal, he would be the edge in giving us the field position. Over the course of a season, a punter like Jim can mean 500 or 1,000 yards in exchange yardage."

It doesn't always work that way, however. Two weeks ago, when Missouri clobbered Ole Miss 45–14, Miller intentionally kicked short to put the ball out of bounds on the Tiger 17-yard line. Two plays later, Missouri scored as Gerry Ellis bolted off guard and went 77 yards for a touchdown. Miller punted 12 times against Missouri, averaging 45.8 yards on the eight punts he didn't have to kick short. As it was, he may have been the Rebels' best offensive weapon. Two of his high, twisting kicks were fumbled to set up both Ole Miss touchdowns. Last week Mississippi was again clobbered, this time 42–3 by Georgia, but Miller continued to do his bit with kicks of 52 and 57 yards.

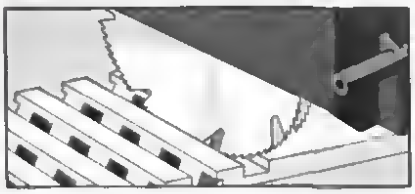
Miller's distance has created a not unwelcome problem for Mike Pope, the Ole Miss kicking and offensive-line coach, who discovered that a coverage unit staffed with the normal allotment of lumbering offensive linemen could not get downfield fast enough. The Rebel punt coverage team therefore includes six defensive backs, two wide receivers and two running backs.

In contrast to some punters, who blame bad kicks on the snap, the blocking, the weather, the turf, coaching or a downward turn in biorhythms, Miller is a barefoot boy without cheek. "He feels

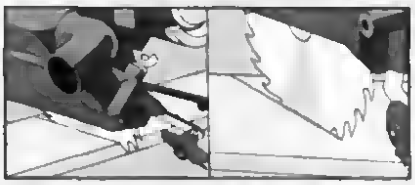
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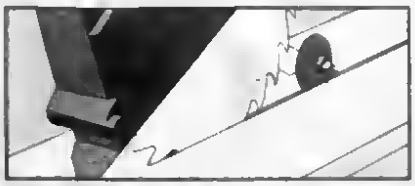


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his job is to punt the ball as far as he can every time," Pope says, "and that *he* has to adjust to anything that happens—if the snap rolls back to him on the ground—whatever."

The reason Miller kicks barefoot is no more exotic than the punter himself. "I used to live on a farm," he says, "and I used to go around barefoot all the time, y'know, in the country. I'd get a ball and kick it up to myself or to my brother and I guess I just got used to kicking that way. I guess I've got a better feel for the ball. I had to wear a shoe in high school, they had a rule about it. If I tried it three weeks with a shoe on, I guess I could do just as good, but it feels better this way right now."

For much the same reason, Miller is loath to leave his football pants in the locker room and so takes them home with him every night after practice. "I started that when I was a freshman," he says. "I like pants that are a little bigger, not tight on me. I found a pair I liked, and I was afraid if I gave 'em back in, I'd get a different pair the next week."

A two-step punter who blasts the ball off the top of his arch, Miller has never hurt himself kicking barefoot, although he admits, "I've got a knot on both my big toes, and when I stomp 'em, boy it hurts." Even so, Miller probably is in less peril on the field than on the sidelines, where, during one joyful, jumping moment that followed an Ole Miss touchdown, a teammate stepped on him.

About the only coaching Miller has gotten is from Pope, who has improved his sideline kicks with a technique that is much the same as spot bowling. Miller goes for the coffin corner whenever Ole Miss is at its 35-yard line or beyond, and while the distance is no big problem, aiming at a target that far downfield can be. Consequently, Pope has instructed Miller to use the inside shoulder or headgear of an offensive lineman as a more immediate target.

Through Mississippi's first four games, Miller has punted for a 40-yard average on 28 punts, and it is doubtful that he will be able to match last season's average because this year college football adopted the same field-goal rule used in the NFL—the ball is returned to the line of scrimmage after a miss. Fewer long field-goal tries means more short position-punts.

Nonetheless, Miller remains a crowd pleaser, which almost was his downfall earlier this season. In the Friday warm-ups that preceded Ole Miss' season opener against Memphis State at Jackson, a crowd was in the stands just to watch Miller boom them out. "He was airmailing the thing," Pope says, "and the people were applauding. The problem was, he shouldn't have kicked more than 15 times, and he kicked a lot more than that. He may, in fact, have kicked himself out, because his first kick in the game was one of the worst he's ever had, and they ran it back for a touchdown. He does attract a crowd, so we have to watch him."

A lot of opponents will be watching Miller, too, but don't count on much applause from them. Having Miller punt against you is like waiting for the other shoe to drop.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

SOUTH Eddie Lee Ivery of Georgia Tech was not about to let a *pulled hamstring, sprained toe, hip pointer* and groin-muscle pull sideline him. So he carried the ball 29 times for 157 yards against South Carolina. The score was 3–3 in the final quarter when the Yellowjackets began a nine-play, 53-yard drive in which Ivery accounted for 41 yards. But the march stalled and Johnny Smith, who earlier in the fourth quarter had booted a 35-yard field goal, kicked a 34-yarder with 57 seconds to go for Tech's 6–3 upset victory.

Also overcoming adversity was Florida State. The night before facing Cincinnati the Seminoles holed up in Thomasville, Ga. On the way to the game, their bus came to a screeching halt with a flat tire. Out of the bus poured the Seminoles, who thumbed rides with fans on their way to the game in Doak Campbell Stadium. Cincinnati led 21–14 in the final period, but State Quarterback Jimmy Jordan came off the bench to throw two fourth-down scoring passes. The second came on a fourth-and-22 play, Sam Platt turning the reception into a 54-yard touchdown with 1:41 left that gave the Seminoles a 26–21 win.

Auburn also scored late against Miami, Joe Cribb's one-yard plunge with 1:26 to go climaxing an 80-yard drive. That plus a Charlie Trotman pass to Marc Robbins for a two-point conversion put the Tigers in front 15–14. But the Hurricanes came back with a march of their own, Otis Anderson rambling 42 yards to the Auburn 12 on a fourth-and-five to keep the drive alive. After Miami ran down the clock, Danny Miller kicked a 24-yard field goal with six seconds left to topple previously unbeaten Auburn 17–15.

North Carolina State's ACC tussle at Maryland was touted as a showdown between the league's two finest runners, Ted Brown of the Wolfpack (616 yards in 120 carries going into the game) and Steve Atkins of the Terrapins (543 yards in 107 attempts). Brown, hampered by a bruised knee, picked up 79 yards in 19 trips. Atkins, though, was in fine fettle, rushing for 132 yards in 26 carries, and running back a kickoff 98 yards for a touchdown. Nine seconds after his TD, the Terps forced a fumble on the ensuing kickoff, recovering it for another six points that put them well on their way to a 31–7 win.

Duke downed Virginia 20–13, also in an ACC contest. Clemson breezed past independent Virginia Tech 38–7, but North Carolina was shocked by Miami of Ohio 7–3 as Don Treadwell fired a 65-yard pass to Mark Mattison.

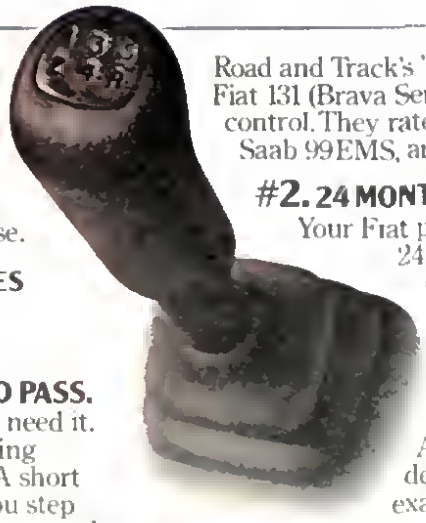
Southeastern Conference teams, which had a 16–7–2 record against outsiders in previous weeks, lost four of six to them this time. In addition to Auburn's defeat by Miami, Southern Mississippi jolted Mississippi State 22–17, Vanderbilt was hammered 38–3 by Tulane and Kentucky 30–0 by Penn State. "We didn't come here for revenge, but to get a little respect from the people down here," said Quarterback Chuck Fusina of the Nittany Lions, whose only 1977 loss was to the Wildcats. State earned plenty of respect, Fusina passing for 211 yards and the defense yielding only 27 yards rushing while racking up its second straight shutout and third of the season. Alabama bumped off Washington on the West Coast and Tennessee throttled Army 31–13 for the SEC's nonleague wins.

In SEC matchups, Louisiana State's Charles Alexander carried 40 times for 156 yards during a 34–21 win at Florida, and Georgia thrashed Mississippi 42–3 as Willie (Tank) McClendon rushed for 145 yards in 24 tries, his fourth 100-yard effort in a row.

1.ALABAMA (4–1)
2.LSU (4–0) 3.MARYLAND (5–0)

EAST With his 'We have improved' statement following a 32–15 loss to Pittsburgh, Coach Ed Chlebek of Boston College established himself as a top-seeded optimist. Unfortunately for the rookie head coach, his winless Eagles' improvement was, at best, modest. One thing Chlebek had hoped for was that his players, who had fumbled 23 times in three games, would hang on to the ball. They didn't. On the first play from scrimmage, the Eagles fumbled the ball away. Before the game ended, they bobbled the ball five more times. They were also intercepted four times. And they gained 14 yards rushing. Meanwhile, the Panthers had converted a fumble recovery into a 21-yard field goal by Mark Schubert and a stolen pass into a TD to lead 10–0. What had brightened Chlebek's

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outlook was his Dennis Scala-to-Paul McCarty passing combination, which clicked eight times for 157 yards and two touchdowns.

After Quarterback Tom Roland's 28th carry of the night in an Ivy League game against Columbia, he had tied Reds Bagnell's (1950) and Adolph Bellizeare's (1972) Pennsylvania single-game rushing record with 214 yards. Then, on his next try, Roland was dumped for a one-yard loss—and from the record book. That, however, was one of the few disappointments for the Quakers, 31–19 winners over the Lions, who for the first time in 27 years had begun a season with two straight victories. Brown, which had scored only three points while losing its first two outings, zapped Princeton 44–16. That was the highest point production ever by the Bruins in this series, which dates back to 1898.

Other Ivy teams split four nonleague games. Cornell blanked Bucknell 24–0 and Harvard downed Colgate 24–21. A 20–17 decision over Dartmouth brought Boston U's record to 4–0, its finest start since 1954. All three Terrier touchdowns were scored by Mal Najarian. And Rutgers staved off Yale 28–27 when the Elis missed on a two-point pass play after scoring in the final minute.

With Quarterback Bill Hurley playing for the first time since cracking three ribs in the season opener, Syracuse won 31–15 at West Virginia. Hurley rushed for 143 yards as the Orangemen ended a four-game losing streak.

Villanova defeated Richmond 17–14 on a last-second 33-yard field goal by freshman Chuck Bushbeck. Lehigh topped Delaware 27–17. And Ithaca (Division III) shut out Clarion State (Division II) 17–0 in a battle of undefeated small colleges.

1.PENN STATE (6–0)
2.PITTSBURGH (4–0) 3.NAVY (4–0)

SOUTHWEST

Texans like to do things big, but Ron Vandiver would be happier if his beloved Texas A&M would start winning by smaller margins. Vandiver's local dry-cleaning establishment offers weekly discount percentages, the percentage equaling the points by which the Aggies triumph. After the Aggies had trounced Boston College 37–2 and Memphis State 58–0 earlier this season, Vandiver said, "They're killing us." Last week's 38–9 pummeling of Texas Tech was not quite as lethal, but Vandiver admitted that the way the Aggies have been cleaning up, he is in danger of being cleaned out.

Vandiver was fortunate he had not promised discounts matching the Aggies' total yardage. Texas A&M, which entered the game with the best defense in the country (117 yards a game) and the third-best offense (474 yards a game), outgained Tech 520 yards to 290. After running almost exclusively from the wishbone in the first half, the Aggies went to the I in the third period, and within 10 minutes of play Curtis Dickey gained 127 of his 161 yards rushing.

In another Southwest Conference skirmish, Arkansas gave up 234 yards through the air but intercepted three passes and just once let Texas Christian within 30 yards of the goal line. The Razorbacks won 42–3 as Michael Forrest scored on runs of 17 and two yards, and Jerry Eckwood on two short bursts.

Baylor, a loser by two, four and six points this season, led Houston 18–14 with 6:11 to go. But then the Bears fumbled the ball away at the Cougar 33. Houston's Danny Davis uncorked a 38-yard pass to Eric Herring and then concluded the drive with a two-yard run that gave the Cougars a 20–18 SWC win and Baylor another two-point miss.

1.ARKANSAS (4–0)
2.TEXAS A&M (4–0) 3.TEXAS (3–1)

continued



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MIDWEST

It was a sobering week for the Big Ten, which emerged from eight games against outsiders with a 2–5–1 record. Most shocking of all was not the losses, but Southern Methodist's 35–35 tie with Ohio State in Columbus. Buckeye Quarterback Art Schlichter continued to be a more proficient runner (77 yards in 19 carries, including scoring runs of 23 and five yards) than passer (three for 16 for 50 yards and four interceptions). Outdoing him was Mustang signal-caller Mike Ford, a 6′ 3″, 238-pound sophomore. Ford, who was intercepted seven times during last season's 35–7 loss to Ohio State, engineered a dazzling 107-play attack that netted 501 yards. And it was Ford who scored SMU's last three TDs on sneaks, two in the fourth period after the Buckeyes had gone ahead 35–21. SMU achieved its tie when Ford followed up his final six-pointer with a two-point conversion run.

Two not-so-big Big Ten squads were walloped, Illinois losing to Missouri 45–3 and Northwestern absorbing a 56–14 pounding from Arizona State, whose Mark Malone passed for three touchdowns and ran for two. Three other conference schools were not so easily dispatched, Minnesota losing to Oregon State 17–14, Iowa being victimized by Utah 13–9 and Michigan State dropping a 29–25 tussle to Notre Dame. The Spartans lost despite the passing of Ed Smith, who connected for three touchdowns and 306 yards as he completed 27 of 41. The Irish got 140 yards rushing from Vagas Ferguson and a 45-yard scoring run from Safety Jim Browner, who snatched the ball out of Spartan Receiver Andy Schramm's hands.

In both out-of-conference victories, the Big Ten representatives had close calls. Purdue overcame Wake Forest's 7–6 fourth-period advantage with a late touchdown by Russell Pope on a two-yard run for a 14–7 Boilermaker triumph. Arizona, a 20-point underdog, led Michigan 17–7 in the second quarter, then the Wolverines began grinding out yardage and the game came down to a fourth-and-inches play at the Wildcat goal line with 5:25 remaining. On that play, the ball went to Russell Davis ("They were saying no, and I was saying yes," he said later), who scored for a 21–17 Wolverine win.

Exactly a year after Wisconsin had been described as "the worst 4–0 team in the country," the Badgers were 3–0 and once again scorned. Last season the Badgers proved their detractors right by losing their final six games. This time they may have converted the skeptics with a 34–7 drubbing of favored Indiana in the week's only conference game. Leading the onslaught was Tailback Ira Matthews, who scored on a 71-yard punt return and on runs of six and 26 yards.

As early as Wednesday morning, Iowa State fans began lining up for seats for Saturday's Big Eight showdown against Nebraska, nestling down in sleeping bags and tents. Some Cyclone students, though, scalped their tickets for as much as $75 apiece. Among the record SRO crowd of 51,450 at Iowa State Stadium were some nervous as well as poorer Husker enthusiasts. The Nebraskans were concerned that a car that had broken down earlier in the week might hamper their chances. That breakdown had caused starting backs I. M. Hipp and Andra Franklin to be late for practice, and as a result, Coach Tom Osborne announced that neither would start at Ames. "I appreciate that their car broke down, but they should have telephoned," Osborne explained. Taking over at tailback for Franklin was 5′ 7″, 170-pound Tim Wurth, who scored once and broke loose for 102 yards in 18 carries as the Huskers won 23–0. "Nebraska's defensive line manhandled our offensive line," said Coach Earle Bruce, whose Cyclones were held to a total offense of 82 yards, their lowest in nine years.

Booming punts by Mike Hubach of Kansas (a 48.7-yard average) and Lance Olander of Colorado (a 45.6-yard average) meant both offenses had their work cut out. The Buffaloes responded by piling up 498 yards in total offense while the defense allowed only one TD for the fifth game in a row as Colorado came out on top 17–7. After the Buffaloes had held on a Kansas first-and-goal from the two in the second period, James Mayberry, who rushed for 106 yards, capped Colorado's subsequent 96-yard drive with a four-yard scoring burst.

Among the happiest Big Eight winners were Kansas State's Wildcats. They broke a 21-game conference losing streak with an 18–7 triumph over Oklahoma State.

1.OKLAHOMA (5–0)
2.MICHIGAN (4–0) 3.COLORADO (5–0)

WEST

Saturday Night Fever—that would be a fair description of the frenetic action in the L.A. Coliseum last Saturday night as Stanford and UCLA met. Before the action stopped the score was tied twice and each team led four times. It was the passing of Steve Oils, who hit on 21 of 35 for 262 yards and two touchdowns, that kept the Cardinals going. And it was Ken Naber's second field goal of the night, a 30-yarder with 3:36 left, that put Stanford in front 26–24. Keeping UCLA rolling were James Owens, who rushed for 102 yards and scored twice, and Theotis Brown, who rushed for 66 yards and ran back five kicks for 188 more, including a 93-yard touchdown romp with a kickoff return. Constantly pestering the Cardinals was All-America Bruin Linebacker Jerry Robinson. In the end, though, it all came down to the toe of Peter Boermeester, UCLA's walk-on kicker, who was born in Indonesia, reared in New Guinea and Holland and came to the U.S. at age 11. There were 20 seconds left and Stanford had its 26–24 edge when Boermeester tried a 37-yard field goal. Boermeester, whose ambition is to be a millionaire, came through with a good-as-gold kick that made UCLA a 27–26 winner. In another Pac-10 game, California stopped Oregon 21–18. Southern Cal was idle.

More than 5,000 Alabamans went to Seattle to see the Tide battle Washington, and at least that many more watched on closed-circuit TV back home in Tuscaloosa. Those Tide rooters were numbed when Quarterback Tom Porras teamed up with Spider Gaines on a 74-yard scoring pass and Mike Lansford kicked a 37-yard field goal to put the Huskies ahead 10–7 at halftime. Alabama's go-ahead touchdown was set up in the third period when Defensive End E. J. Junior tackled Punter Aaron Wilson for a 13-yard loss at the Huskies' 16. Four plays later, Tony Nathan of the Tide plowed over from a yard out. Alabama went in front 20–10 when Jeff Rutledge hit Rick Neal with a 36-yard scoring pass in the fourth quarter. A second long Porras-to-Gaines pass, this one for 58 yards, made the score 20–17, which is how it wound up after Washington's final drive ended with a lost fumble at the Tide 36.

Utah State, embarrassed 65–6 by Brigham Young at home last year, dumped the Cougars in Provo 24–7. Eric Hipple of the unbeaten Aggies (5–0) was on target with 11 of 14 first-half passes for 97 yards.

In the season's first matchup between military academies, Navy outgained Air Force 508 yards to 167 en route to a 37–8 victory. Navy's offense featured the running of Steve Callahan (159 yards), a 36-yard scoring pass and two end-around touchdown plays of 19 and 17 yards. The Middie defense, which ranked second in the nation against the rush, gave up a paltry 48 yards to Falcon runners.

It was B Day at Colorado State. High school bands tootled and strutted, and fans gritted back on "the biggest beef barbecue in the history of Larimer County. All the beef you can eat, beans and cole slaw.... for only $3." For dessert, the Rams beat Texas-El Paso 39–29. In another WAC contest, New Mexico downed Wyoming 19–15.

1.USC (4–0)
2.UCLA (4–1) 3.STANFORD (3–2)

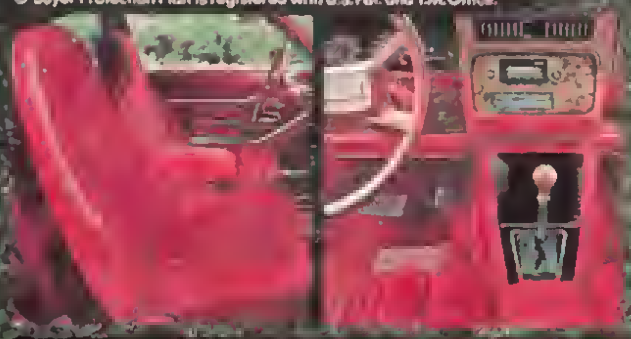
PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Mike Ford hit on 36 of 57 passes for 341 yards and one touchdown, sneaked a yard for each of SMU's last three touchdowns, passed for a two-point conversion and then ran for another to deadlock Ohio State 35–35.

DEFENSE: Jerry Robinson, a 6′ 2½″, 209-pound senior linebacker, took part in 15 tackles, sacked the quarterback once and broke up two pass plays as UCLA's Bruins overcame Stanford 27–26 in a Pac-10 thriller.

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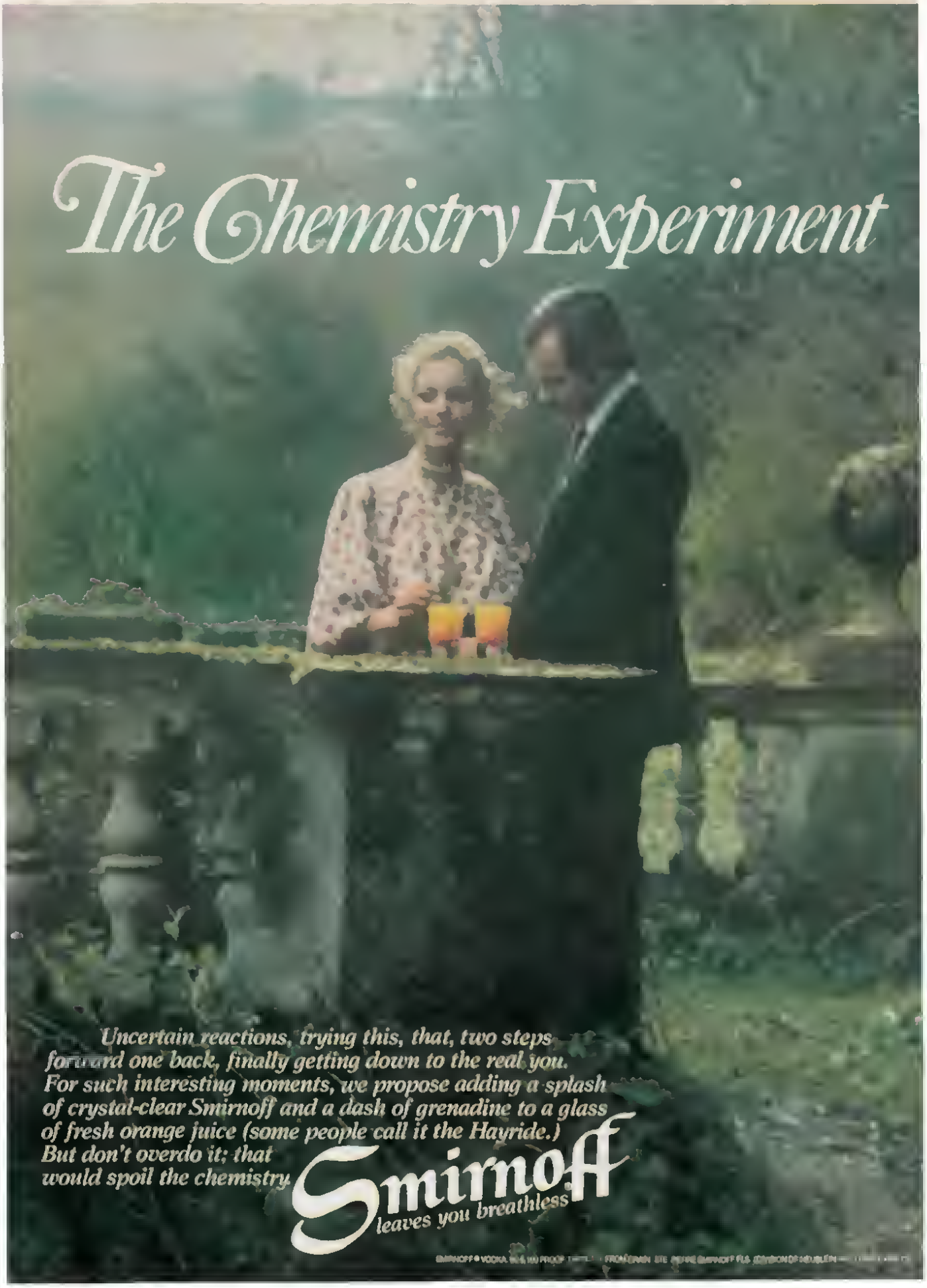


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It was U.S., ja, Sweden, nej

On its way to the final round of the Davis Cup, the U.S. lost twice to Borg in Göteborg, but won the match, 3–2



Ashe beat Johansson and gave Borg a battle

In Sweden last week, the Prime Minister quit and the government collapsed. But on Friday night, in gray old Göteborg's Scandinavium, the largest indoor arena in the Nordic countries, 10,200 Swedes forgot politics for the moment and bayed instead for the blood of Vitas Gerulaitis.

He had begun to irritate them early in the match, from the fourth game of the first set when he had successfully appealed a line call. And he had irritated them still further with a deep, courtly and insulting bow to his opponent, Kjell Johansson, when the Swede patted an inept lob away over the baseline. All this might be reasonably regarded as part of the give-and-take of top-level tennis. And, as a rule, Swedish sports crowds are notably good-natured.

But the scoreboard did not read "Johansson" and "Gerulaitis." Instead, it was "Sverige" and "USA." No man-to-man tournament this but the second singles match of a semifinal of the 1978 Davis Cup. And however diminished in prestige that trophy might have become since the glorious days of the '50s—when they had to put extra seating in the stands at Sydney, when 25,000 Aussies a day came to watch—few tennis events have the power to turn politely clapping spectators into raucous, chauvinistic fans. Or, come to that, to inspire a Studio 54-haunting young cosmopolite like Gerulaitis to confess to national pride as he did, however obliquely. "I'm not playing for Lithuania, man," he said. "There are a lot of people in the United States."

After the heat of Friday died down, nostalgic Swedes were recalling that Bjorn Borg was not even born the last time the two countries met in the Davis Cup. That was in 1954 when the U.S., represented by Vic Seixas, Ham Richardson and Tony Trabert, breezed home 5–0. And now, almost a quarter of a century later, Trabert was back in Sweden as non-playing captain, a stocky man in whose features one could still see the crew-cut boy who won at Paris, Wimbledon and Forest Hills in 1955.

Before the five-match encounter in Göteborg, his analysis was frank. "If we beat Borg that will just be icing on the cake," he said. "Anybody we have is automatically the underdog against him. Our obvious task is to beat Johansson twice and win the doubles."

That 3–2 projection left little margin for error. Conceding the two singles matches Borg would play meant that both Arthur Ashe and Gerulaitis would have to beat Johansson, who had overcome the Hungarian, Balazs Taroczy, and the Spaniard, José Higueras, to help put Sweden in the Cup semis. "Borg did not beat Hungary and Spain all by himself," Trabert pointed out.

But at least for the doubles match, Trabert was not the worried man he had been the previous Sunday evening in his room at Göteborg's Park Avenue Hotel. His original choice for the doubles had been Stan Smith and Bob Lutz, in his opinion the best qualified, most experienced team in the U.S. These days, though, our players do not clamber over each other to represent their country in the Davis Cup, as witness Jimmy Connors. Smith was willing, Lutz was not.

"We worked hard to get him to play," said Trabert, "but he, or his agent, was adamant that he would not." So Dick Stockton was recruited in his place. Then on Sunday evening, five days before the matches, Stockton, as Trabert delicately put it, "was nice enough to call." Stockton, who was in San Francisco, said his back was bothering him. That was at 8 p.m., Swedish time. Davis Cup rules state that while a substitution is allowed, it must be made at least five days before a match. So the deadline was midnight on Sunday. Otherwise the U.S. would have to go with a three-man team.

As a forlorn hope, Trabert asked Stockton to scout around in San Francisco, where the Transamerica tournament was going on, to try to find somebody within the next four hours. At 11:45 p.m., resigned to events, Trabert was reading in bed. Then the phone rang. It was Lutz from San Francisco. "Looks like I'm needed," he said, and he was told that he surely was.

It wasn't that easy. Formal notification had to be made to the Davis Cup Committee. It was, in fact, 11:57 p.m. when a telegram, duly notarized with the time on it, was dispatched, after no local official could be raised in Göteborg. That wire was enough, though. Last Wednesday, Smith and Lutz arrived in Sweden. They were jet-lagged but at least they would not have to play until Saturday.

continued

However, 24 hours before the doubles the first of the singles matches was scheduled—Ashe against Borg. Ashe's tactics were easy to forecast. There could be no question of a baseline slug-out. "Knowing Arthur," Trabert said, "he'll try to hit some underspin forehands where normally he would hit over the ball. He'll attack some, throw in some floaters, sneak in behind a few, hit some balls short and low, make Borg come in."

However, Trabert admitted that strategy, not tactics, dictated that by no means would Ashe be permitted to burn himself out against Borg. "I want him strong for that first match on Sunday against Johansson," Trabert said. "If Arthur gets close to Borg he'll go after him. He won't make a travesty of any match. But if he doesn't win we won't feel that we are in trouble."

The Borg-Ashe match was in no way a travesty, although in the early games Ashe was not running full out for every shot. In the first set they both broke early on, but Borg, fighting hard, broke again to make it 5–4 and went on to win 6–4.

The second set was even tougher. The first game took eight minutes, went to deuce seven times. Five times the Swede held the advantage until Ashe took it. Playing with economy of effort through his full repertoire, he broke Borg's serve and he was ahead 3–1. But the resistance movement could not hold out against the heavy artillery. The second set went 7–5 to Borg and the third saw Arthur gracefully bowing out 6–3. A gentlemanly match, no disputes, no emotions and it was 1–0, Sweden, as expected.

But there was edge in the Gerulaitis-Johansson match even before the first ball was served, each player childishly refusing to be first to quit warming up after the regulation five minutes. "Please play," the umpire called anxiously. "Play please. We start now, yes?" When the match did start, the jeering and the heavy whistling came quickly. By the fifth game the crowd was applauding every first-serve fault that Gerulaitis made.

But Gerulaitis, in the first two sets, was never in trouble. Johansson had a good forehand and a good first serve when it came off, but his backhand was eminently attackable and his second serve sloppy. Swiftly it was 6–2, 6–1 and, by the time it was 5–1 in the third, the fans were streaming out of the stadium.

Then, unaccountably, Gerulaitis' serve went to pieces. He lost three successive games. When he fell, trying to get to a Johansson volley, what was left of the crowd roared as if it were at a football game. Amazingly, it seemed as if Johansson might wriggle off the hook. Indeed the 10th game went to deuce before Gerulaitis won the set 6–4, and the match.

Gerulaitis had done his job. The only thing he would have to concern himself with now was a possible Ashe failure against Johansson, which, given a U.S. doubles win, would mean that Gerulaitis' match with Borg would be decisive.

"If that happens I'll be taking tranquilizers," Vitas said.

The doubles match against Borg and Ove Bengston on Saturday was not given. It had to be taken. From the very beginning of the first set, U.S. confidence sagged perceptibly. Both Swedes served aggressively, and when Smith's serve was broken in the third game, the set became a 6–2 rout.

The Americans picked up in the second set, taking it 6–3, but no one was confident that it was a significant recovery. In the third set, the 6′ 5″ Bengston hit his peak, dominating the net and serving powerfully. The set ended 6–3, Sweden, with the crowd chanting "Sverige! Sverige!" and the stamping feet and rhythmic clapping becoming more triumphant. The cheering reached a crescendo in the fourth set with Sweden leading 4–2 and seemingly certain of victory. "I was sure we had it won," Borg said later. And at that point, Lutz might have been regretting that late-night phone call from San Francisco.

But it also was then, at almost the last possible moment, that the Americans broke Bengston's service. Though the Swedes pushed to four heart-stopping set points, Smith and Lutz took it 7–5. In the fifth set, the Americans, composed and unassailable, won going away, 6–3.

"The pros, under pressure, produced," said Trabert alliteratively.

Gerulaitis didn't pop a pill all Sunday afternoon. He did, however, douse Ashe with champagne as he came into the locker room after his match with Johansson. In champagne terms, there had been just one hiccup in that encounter, as far as U.S. hopes were concerned. In the first two sets, which Ashe won 6–2, 6–0, Johansson wilted against Ashe's play, which was aggressive and cerebral at the same time. In the second set, he broke Johansson's serve in the first game, and it stayed broken. In the third set, Ashe was up 3–1, and the afternoon seemed to hold little beyond what would now be an exhibition between Borg and Gerulaitis—and due celebration of the fact that after five years the U.S. again had made the Cup final and would host the British in December. But then, in the sixth game, the Ashe machine started to sputter. The crowd, whose chanting had been subdued, came back to life. From 2–3 down, Johansson was suddenly 4–3 up and Ashe was struggling. In the end though, it did prove to be a hiccup. The American came back and wrapped it up at 7–5.

So all that was left to come was Gerulaitis' moment on stage. There was something left for him personally, if not for his already victorious country. His record against Borg was 0–8 and, with Borg having given so much already and being, in all probability, a little downspirited, this might have been his chance to make it 1–8. Remorselessly, Borg put him down 6–3, 6–1 in a shortened match 0–9. END



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But Cuba, si, U.S., no

With Olympic heavyweight champion Teofilo Stevenson stopping Jimmy Clark, the Cuban national team walloped the U.S. 8–3 at Madison Square Garden





After catching an eye-crossing right hand in the third round, Clark was not allowed to continue and Stevenson saluted one of his compatriots

After performing dismally for the first 2½ rounds, Teofilo Stevenson, the illustrious Cuban heavyweight, hit Jimmy Clark on the chin with a right hand, which, as it turned out, was a kindness. While the blow crossed Clark's eyes and left him standing senseless, a loser by a knockout with just 23 seconds to go in the third round, at least it did spare the U.S. fighter from being robbed of the decision.

Although Stevenson had done little more than survive, slowly and awkwardly, while trying to hold the swarming Clark at bay, a check of the scoring showed that Stevenson had been leading two rounds to none in the eyes of one judge and was no worse than 1–1 on the card of another. And it is not without coincidence that those judges were both Cuban.

The third judge at Madison Square Garden last Friday night, Paul Konnor of the U.S., had Clark winning both rounds, which is the way everyone else had it, except for the two gentlemen from Havana.

Until the final minute, when he first dropped Clark with a hook and then destroyed him with the tremendous right, the best that could be said of the 6′ 5″ Stevenson was that he was having an off night. He was ponderously slow, often confused, and he certainly little resembled the legend who twice won Olympic and world titles.

"There is a fear in Cuba that Stevenson has lost something," said one Cuban later. "This is not the first fight lately that he has not looked like himself."

There was that, plus Clark, a 6′ 2½″, 204-pound, 24-year-old senior at West Chester (Pa.) State College, who had fought and lost to Stevenson once before, but had found his weakness. To be effective, the Cuban needs a lot of room; in close, he is almost helpless. Stevenson's only response to infighting is to put his giant hands on his opponent's shoulders and to shove very hard. It works, but by amateur rules it also costs the shover points, a fact seemingly ignored by Romelio Santiago and Arturo Rodriguez, the two Cuban judges.

Throughout the first two rounds, and for most of the third, Clark kept Stevenson badly flustered with crisp jabs, jolting hooks to the body and darting moves

continued



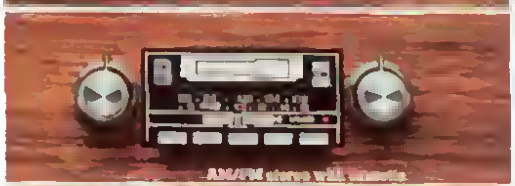
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to close quarters, from where he was free to do just about anything he wanted.

"He jabs too much," Stevenson complained later.

Until the end, the fight had gone exactly as Clark had planned it. And it was nearly a carbon copy of his fight with Stevenson in Havana's Sports Palace last February. There Clark had lost on a split decision: two Cuban judges gave it to Stevenson, both by 60–59; the American judge had scored it for Clark, 59–57.

"That decision was completely absurd," Clark had said before Friday's matches against the Cuban team, which the U.S. lost 8–3. "The decision was very unjust and I am looking forward to fighting Stevenson again. He doesn't intimidate me. That doesn't mean I don't respect him. I do. To tell the truth, it's an honor to box him. After all, he's the Olympic and world champion and he's got stature. He is supposed to be a puncher, but he never had me down, or even near it, in the last fight. I don't know about his right hand because it never landed. He kept missing with it; I could hear it going past my ear. Nevertheless, I am aware of it and I'll try to avoid it."

As it turned out, it was his acute awareness of Stevenson's right hand that proved to be Clark's undoing. As the fight moved into its final minute, Clark was certain that the decision was his. Or, rather, that it should have been his. He thought the only way he could lose would be by being on his back. And so he concentrated on Stevenson's right hand.

"And that's when he hit me with the left hook," Clark said later. "I never saw it coming."

It was a good hook, short and crisp, but hardly a destroyer. All of Stevenson's power is packed in the right side. But there is a boxing axiom: It's the punch you *don't* see coming that knocks you out. Or, at least, down. This hook knocked Clark down.

More surprised than hurt, Clark popped up at the count of two. Quickly, Stevenson moved toward him.

"To tell you the truth, I didn't think too much of the knockdown," said Santiago, the Cuban judge who had scored the fight even going into the last round. He was sitting by that part of the ring where Clark landed.

As Clark got to his feet, Santiago glanced down at his scoresheet. "If what happened next had not happened," he said, "we would have had to spend a very long time analyzing the last round. To me, at that point the fight was even."

No matter. Whatever soul-searching Santiago anticipated was moot, because Stevenson drilled home a fierce right to the point of Clark's chin.

"He hit him just as I looked up from my paper," Santiago said. "I was stunned. I thought that Clark would be up doing his thing. Then the right hit him. I looked at his eyes and all I saw was an emptiness. I said se acabo. It's over."

Referee Bob Surkein, of the U.S., knew it was over, too. He moved in quickly, wrapping his arms around Clark before he could fall. Or before Stevenson could hit him again.

Five minutes after the fight, Surkein, a retired Army major who is both the AAU's and the United States Olympic Committee's boxing chairman, was still shaking his head over the force of the final blow.

"When that horrible right landed," Surkein said, "Clark's eyes turned into his head. I'd never seen that happen before. I grabbed him and helped him over to his corner. He didn't even know I had stopped the fight."

Outside the ring, Clark has his head together at all times. He is an honor student in criminal justice who is so devoted to his studies that he was unable to attend the world boxing championships in Belgrade last May because of a schedule conflict. "I don't know yet about the Olympics," he says, "because I don't know what I'll be doing." Among the things that Clark hopes to be doing someday is running for public office. "I'm at a point in my life when I don't leave anything up to chance," he says. "I know that boxing gets into your blood and it gets hard to put down your gloves. I try to calculate and design every part of my life." Obviously, that doesn't hold for left hooks thrown by large Cubans.

Dual international boxing matches are officiated by four men, two from each country. They alternate so that, for example, for one bout there are two Cuban judges and one American and for the next, two American judges and one Cuban. The fourth official becomes the nonscoring referee. But, as one Cuban said, smiling slightly, "If the fight is not totally one-sided, we vote correctly." Sad

continued

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to say, U.S. judges do the same thing. As one Cuban official said Friday night, 'It was a fair exchange. Sometimes the Americans had two judges, and sometimes we had two judges."

The only thing that can throw the whole system out of whack is a knockout. If it weren't for that possibility or that of a fight being stopped because of cuts, they could hold the matches by mail.

Which may be one of the many things that wreck Bob Arum's visionary scheme to have Stevenson and Muhammad Ali meet in a series of five three-round bouts.

The Association of International Boxing of Amateurs has approved the proposed series, providing, of course, that Stevenson doesn't get paid. That presents no problem. While Ali would get $2.4 million, Stevenson's $1.1 million is to go to the Cuban Boxing Federation. The Cubans will also get expenses for 50 people, plus the use of a chartered plane.

At first Arum wanted the series to begin next February at Madison Square Garden, move to Philadelphia and Houston, and then on to Las Vegas before winding up at the Forum in Los Angeles. In addition, he had hoped to stage a world-championship fight (say, Carlos Palomino and Wilfredo Benitez for the welterweight title, or Mike Rossman against either Eddie Gregory or Victor Galindez for the light heavyweight championship) in conjunction with each bout in the Ali-Stevenson series. But that posed another problem. The title matches were an added starter and don't have AIBA approval. There was some question that Stevenson's amateur standing might be affected. The AIBA said it will consider the matter at a meeting in Madrid in November.

The Cubans have now said they would like two of the matches in Havana, and neither Ali nor Arum objects. CBS said it was very interested, but it is still very much uncommitted.

Although the Cubans also insisted on having the bouts scored according to international rules to protect Stevenson's amateur standing, that aspect of the series has yet to be determined. "We're still discussing the judging," Arum said after Friday's fights, "but I think eventually we'll agree to using one referee, mutually consented to by both sides, and then have a newspaper decision, leaving the result up to the journalists on hand."

continued



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Although journalists have been known to be jingoistic, too, it is doubtful that they would be any more so than the four judges who worked the bouts at the Garden Friday night. All of the first five fights were relatively close, and all of the winners just happened to be of the same nationality as the majority of the judges.

Of the five decisions, only one was unanimous. In that one, Surkein sided with the Cubans in declaring Hector Ramirez, a 106-pound southpaw from Guantanamo, the winner over Richard Sandoval of the U.S.

In the next four fights, the judges voted in blocs: the Americans for the Americans, the Cubans for the Cubans.

Consider these discrepancies in two of the bouts:

Bout 3: Santiago (59–58) and Rodriguez (60–57) for Cuban 119-pounder Adolfo Horta; Konnor for Jackie Beard, 60–57. ("I refereed that bout," said Surkein, "and Beard won it 60–57.")

Bout 4: Konnor and Surkein, both 60–57, for the U.S. 125-pounder Bernard Taylor; Santiago, 60–57, for Angel Herrera.

The pattern was finally broken in the sixth fight, mostly because Cuba's 139-pound José Aguilar so easily outclassed Don Curry that not even Jesse James would have voted for the American. Both Konnor and Surkein, as well as Rodriguez, who just couldn't seem to bring himself to give an American even one round, cast their votes for Aguilar.

No one got to cast even a first-round ballot in the seventh fight. Clint Jackson, one of three Nashville deputy sheriffs on the U.S. team, was stopped early on a cut by welterweight Andres Aldama, a silver medalist at Montreal. With Jackson blinded by blood pouring from a cut on his right eyelid, Surkein moved in quickly, and wisely, to stop the fight.

Apparently Surkein's act of humanity made little impression on Rodriguez, who refereed the following 156-pound bout between Luis Martinez and Jeff Stoudemire. With 40 seconds to go in the second round, Stoudemire ripped open a deep cut over Martinez' right eye, bathing the Cuban's hair, face and chest with blood. Rodriguez never even looked at the cut.

Then in the third round, Martinez came out without a mouthpiece, apparently to help him breathe. If Rodriguez noticed the obvious rules infraction, he never let on.

No matter. The two U.S. judges and Santiago, who displayed more than a modicum of integrity throughout the night, all voted for Stoudemire.

That was the last victory for the U.S.

José Gomez, 165, with two Cuban judges working in his behalf, decisioned Alex Ramos, and Sixto Soria, with only one Cuban judge going for him, said to hell with it and stopped Rick Jester in the second round. END



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Russia keeps coming on strong

To the surprise of no one, the U.S.S.R. team won the world championships in Gettysburg, helped by David Rigert, who has been overshadowed by the great Vasily Alexeyev

For a week they had lumbered up and down the streets of historic old Gettysburg in their furry warmup suits, looking slightly ursine, like the great brown bears of Mother Russia. They had come to the site of one of the biggest military graveyards in North America to fulfill the prophecy of Nikita Khrushchev, who 22 years earlier had promised, "We will bury you." Last week the national weight-lifting team of the U.S.S.R. did just that, interring 37 other member nations of the International Weightlifting Federation—including the U.S., which finished a woeful 13th—under a couple of hundred tons of iron, at this year's world championships.

The Soviet Union's impressive performance was no surprise. Its team had won eight of 10 weight classes at the European championships in June, and if there was anything remarkable at all about last week's competition, it was that the Cubans kept it fairly close for four days. Even after the Soviets' Yuri Vardanyan began to turn things around with his stunning performance in the 82.5-kilogram (181¾ pounds) class, Cuba led the team race by 50 points. Vardanyan set world records in the snatch (171 kilograms), clean and jerk (210.5 kilograms), and total (377.5 kilograms, or 832 pounds), and set the stage for the big Russian bears that were still to come.

The most imposing of these, of course, was superheavyweight Vasily Alexeyev, the world's smallest alp. Alexeyev, with his great cowcatcher of a belly, is renowned as "the world's strongest man," the Incredible Hulk notwithstanding. Alexeyev spent most of the week hibernating in his hotel room, wearily greeting a steady procession of American journalists. On the occasions when he did venture out of his room, he maintained a fairly high public profile. When you stand 6′ 1″ and weigh 352 pounds, there is no other kind. From time to time he was called upon to lift giggly schoolgirls, or juggle a few small foreign cars. He also made a couple of sneak attacks on an all-you-can-eat place, during which blissful interludes he would sometimes wax philosophical. "A great sportsman dies twice," he said one night over a platter of chicken, "and the first death is the more painful."

It couldn't be any more painful than what happened to Alexeyev late Sunday night. After finishing second in the snatch competition, he passed in the clean and jerk until the bar weights had reached 240 kilos (529 pounds). Had Alexeyev been successful on his first lift he would have won his ninth consecutive world championship.

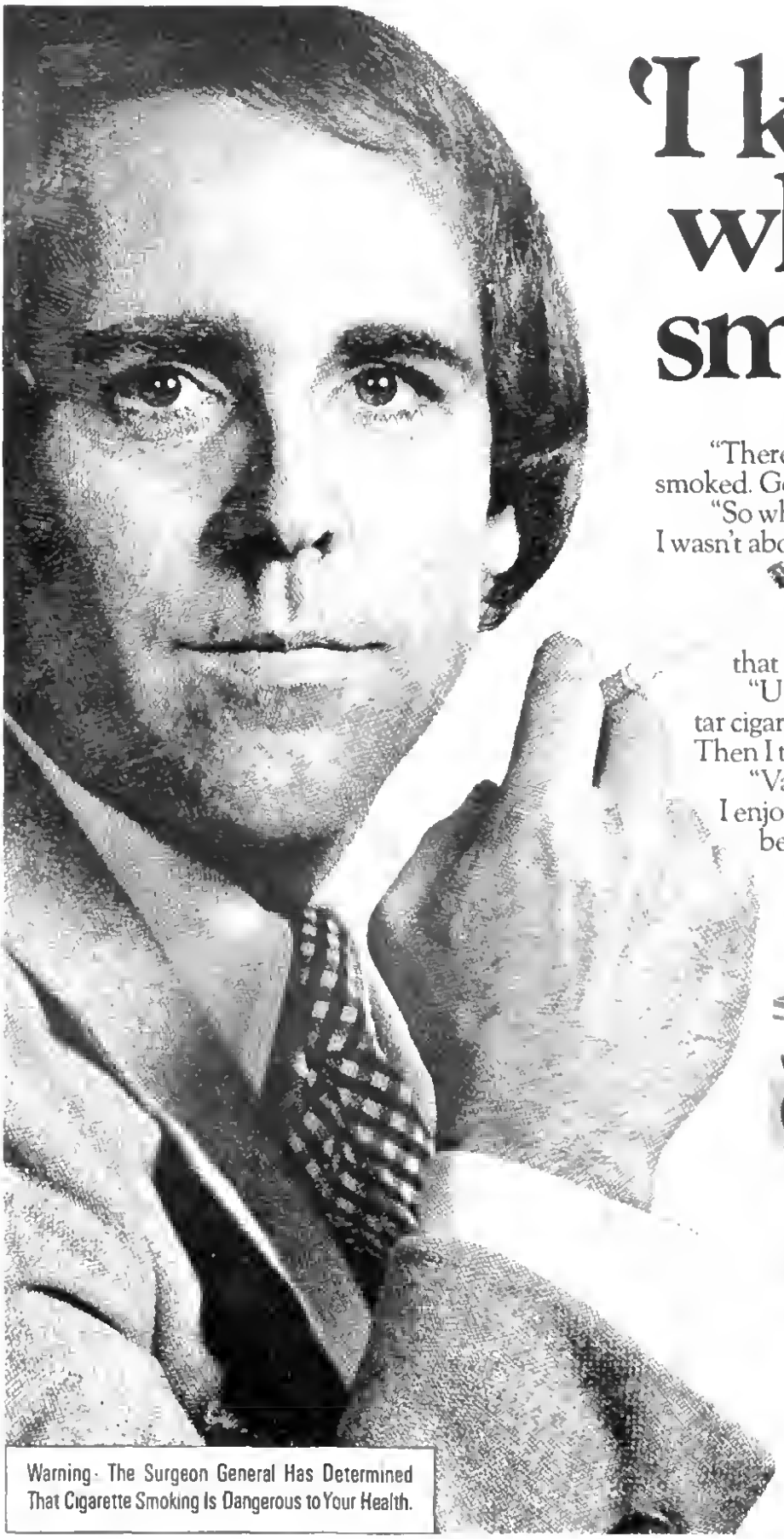
But it was not the Red Bear's night. As he cleaned the murderous weight to his chest, a tendon popped somewhere deep in his huge right hip. The desperate Soviets tried several stalling maneuvers, hoping that Alexeyev would recover quickly, but in the end he was forced to withdraw from the competition. As a result, the winner of the superheavyweight division was Jürgen Heuser of East Germany, a 25-year-old shipbuilder who lifted a total of 417.5 kilos (921 pounds). Heuser, who weighs 295 pounds, had finished second to Alexeyev in the European championships.



On his last lift Rigert jerked 485 pounds to triumph in the 220-pound division

The massive Alexeyev may have worldwide renown, but in his own country he shares the limelight with the exquisitely proportioned David Rigert. "Rigert is a hero to the sporting public of the Soviet Union," says Soviet journalist Alexander Gavrilovets. "He is a great performer, perhaps the greatest ever. It is hard to say whether his popularity in

continued



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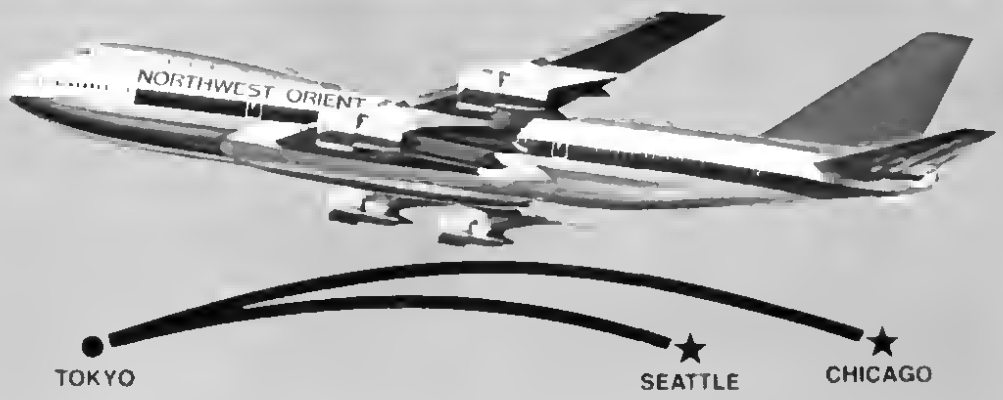
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the U.S.S.R. is greater than Alexeyev's, but people feel that David's physique is more normal, more like their own, and therefore they are able to appreciate better what he does."

Rigert's body weight is 144 pounds less than Alexeyev's and yet the total weight of his best lifts is only 99¼ pounds less than Alexeyev's world-record 981 pounds (445 kilograms). Until last week's competition, Rigert had usually been lifting in the up-to-90-kilo (198¼ pounds) class, in which he holds three world records, but he recently decided that it was too difficult to make 90 kilos, so he moved up to the 100-kilo division.

That Rigert would become a celebrated weight lifter seemed unlikely when he was born 31 years ago of German parentage in Kazakhstan. David was one of seven children and evidently was the runt of the litter. He was so weak and sickly as a child that he was unable even to walk until he was five. Embarrassed by *his physical condition, he began to run* barefoot every day, through the bitter cold of winter. He first showed a talent for lifting weights at the school near the state farm where his family worked, and soon he was hitchhiking 30 miles every other day to a club where he could train seriously.

Even as he was discovering what he could make his body do, Rigert began to set impossible goals for himself. During his service in the army, he was known to his comrades as "Zero Man," the name of a Soviet cartoon character noted for ineptitude. Today Rigert still attempts unnecessarily hazardous lifts, with little regard for strategy. "Always there must be a challenge," he says.

"He is an adventurer," says Dmitri Ivanov, a former Soviet world-record holder and now a journalist. "He feels he must have each time a challenge. I believe it is irrational for him to try these great weights, but for David, it is necessary."

It was not until the 1970 world championships in Columbus, Ohio that Rigert emerged as a force on the international scene. Unhappily, that was also the year that Alexeyev burst into prominence, and while Rigert was taking the bronze medal in the 82.5-kilo class Alexeyev was winning his first gold. Rigert's dominance of his weight division has never been as absolute as Alexeyev's has. In a disastrous showing at the 1972 Munich Olympics, Rigert blew all three of his snatch attempts and failed to total. Following that defeat he was inconsolable, weeping openly and banging his head against a wall. In the eight years since Columbus, however, he has won six world titles and an Olympic gold medal, while Alexeyev has been world champion eight successive times. Rigert has set 58 world records during his career, Alexeyev 80. It is little wonder that Rigert and Alexeyev seldom speak, indeed scarcely acknowledge one another's existence.

It didn't help that Rigert spent 1977 at home, suspended as a result of being involved in an altercation while traveling in Armenia. The Soviet system of discipline is often harsh but apparently efficient: a year's suspension for the first infraction, a lifetime ban from competition after the second. Rigert returned from his forced sabbatical stronger and more eager than ever.

Lounging on a hotel bed last week with a thin cigar jutting from his expressive face, Rigert talked about the connection between muscles and mind. He has a cleft in his chin that doesn't quite reach to his tonsils, and a tight-lipped smile that goes down instead of up when he says something to amuse himself. Sometimes he fingers the gaudy blue ring tattoo above the knuckle on the ring finger of his left hand.

"The weight cannot be feared," he said. "It must fear you. Many lifters—many strong lifters—fear the weights. If the weights resist them, they yield to the resistance without a struggle. Big muscles, great strength, but no gold medals. Timidity is a great disadvantage in heavy athletics. When you are alone with a great weight, you must be very, very brave. Many men are brave when they are with other men, but timid when they are alone."

When the time finally came for him to be brave last week, Rigert never faltered. His only competition in the 100-kilogram class was his 21-year-old teammate Sefgei Arakelov. Rigert came into the competition weighing 208 pounds, Arakelov 220, a disadvantage for Rigert except in the event of a tie, in which case the championship would go to the man with the lower body weight.

Arakelov snatched the bar successfully at 165 kilos (363 pounds); Rigert countered with 170 kilos (374¾ pounds). Then Arakelov succeeded at 172.5 kilos, and Rigert, instead of moving up to 175 kilos, made his second and third attempts at 177.5. Both times he failed, giving Arakelov a 2.5-kilogram edge as they entered the clean-and-jerk lifts.

Again both men were successful on their first attempts, jerking 210 kilograms (462¾ pounds). They both missed at 217.5 kilograms (479½ pounds), thus making the third lift decisive for both men. When Arakelov tried again with 217.5 kilograms and made it, Rigert was forced to lift 220 (485 pounds) to tie Arakelov in the total and win the title by virtue of being the lighter man. Preening like some 200-pound swan as he paced back and forth across the platform, Rigert spread his arms for a moment, then stepped to the bar and cleaned it easily to his chest. For five seconds he held the bar there, expelling the air from his lungs sharply upward so that each time he did it his hair rose and fell. Then, finally, he pumped the great weight over his head and held it there while a smile played with the corners of his mouth. He had won. **END**



Alexeyev was a non-winner when he hurt his hip.

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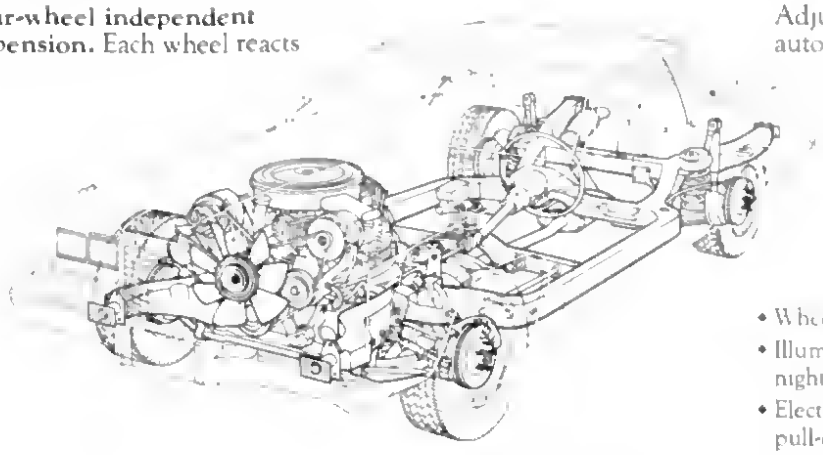
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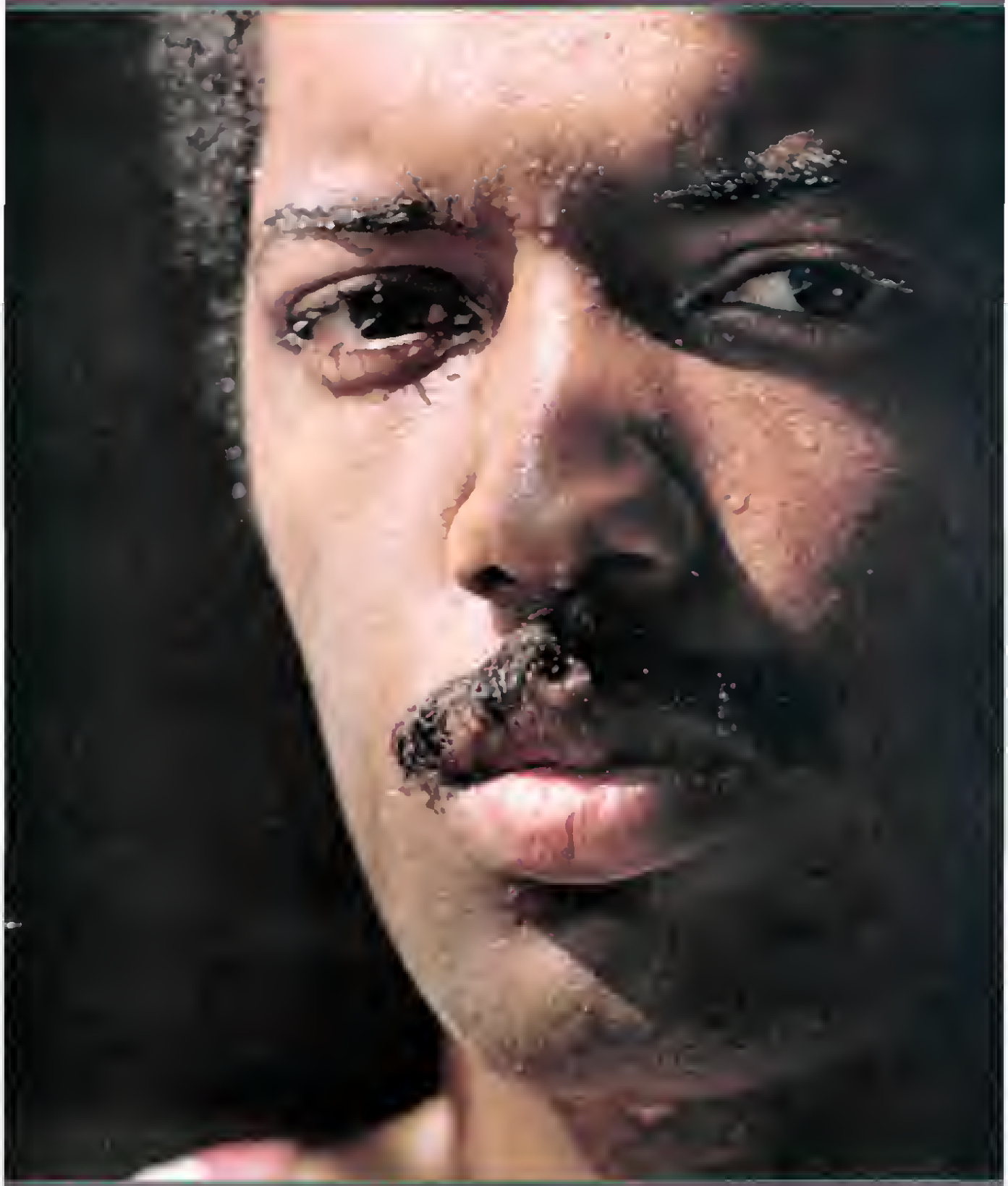


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PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL BRIDGE



A Legend Searching for His Past

Raymond Lewis was considered the greatest basketball talent in L.A., but he's still waiting to play in his first NBA game

by Barry McDermott

The days blend together in the City of the Angels; the summer sun, white and hot, is a spotlight for the lucky, for others a heat lamp turning the sidewalk into a griddle. The street is lined with houses losing the battle for respectability, the curbs littered with refuse. Down a sidewalk comes a boy in outsized Bermuda shorts and a faded T shirt. He is dribbling a basketball, pale from wear. As the boy reaches the corner, a young man lounging against a pole jumps out and deftly flicks at the ball, grabbing it in midair. He bats it several times from hand to hand, then shuffles it quickly between his legs, back and forth. The boy's mouth is open. Swiftly the ball circles the man's trunk—one, two, three times—then flies up into the air. He snares it with his extended right hand and in one motion rolls it gently down the arm, past his neck and on down his left arm, flips it again into the air and catches it near his eyes with his right hand, instantaneously spinning it on one finger as the boy stares, drinking in the show. "Mister," says the youngster. "You the greatest."

Raymond Lewis, playing his game on a hot sidewalk in Watts instead of under a spotlight, throws the ball back to the youngster, the fun draining from his eyes.

"I used to be," he says softly.

continued

Lewis' pro odyssey started at 20; now 26, he was recently cut by San Diego.

"In Los Angeles he is a legend. You say Raymond, they say Lewis. You say Lewis, they say Raymond."—Bob Hopkins, assistant coach, New York Knicks

Raymond Lewis was so good that he never needed a nickname. For three straight years (1969-71) his Verbum Dei High School team won the California Interscholastic Federation divisional championship, and he was named his division's best player two years in a row. As a freshman at California State-Los Angeles, he threw in 73 points one night and led the country's freshmen in scoring with a 38.9-point average. David Thompson of North Carolina State was second. Lewis' team, on which no player was taller than 6′ 5″, defeated the powerful UCLA frosh, a club that included David Meyers, Andre McCarter and Pete Trgovich. Lewis scored 40 points. In his sophomore season, his first of varsity competition, Lewis averaged 32.9 a game to finish second in scoring in the nation; then he turned pro. In 1973, the Philadelphia 76ers drafted him at the end of the first round under the hardship rule. Lewis' courtship with the pros had begun while he was still in high school and at 20 he was the youngest player ever drafted in the first round and signed by the NBA. The record books were open, waiting for him to rewrite them, but he never played a minute.

He was a shade over 6′ 1″, lithe and blessed with agility that seemed almost supernatural. he could change direction as quickly as he could think it, he was a wisp that could not be contained. And his jump shot was classic. But as good as Lewis was shooting the ball, he was better dribbling and passing it. He could weave the length of the floor through a full-court press and score a layup. He could fire a pass and hit a teammate 90 feet away. George McQuarn, his former high school coach, said, "He was so gifted offensively that it was frightening."

Now Raymond Lewis is 26 and living with his wife Sandra and young daughter Kamilah in a cramped bedroom that has sheets for drapes on the windows, in the home of his paternal grandparents in the Compton community adjacent to L.A. He survives through the charity of relatives and a dole from a group of L.A. businessmen who are financing his comeback. He had a can't-miss tag, but Raymond Lewis missed because the only person who could stop him was Raymond Lewis. And that is what happened. He held himself scoreless.

For all the talk about basketball being a "team" game, the fact is that very few players ever make an All-Star team by moving without the ball or setting a good pick. The measure of a player is his ability to get his shot whenever he wants it, to challenge his man and beat him. For every success there is a failure, a coach yelling, "Whose man is that?" On a basketball court Raymond Lewis had a colossal ego and conceit. He beat you straight up, one-on-one, then sneered.

Lewis discovered early that he could barter his basketball ability for just about anything he wanted. To paraphrase Mae West, he always gave them something, but never all, of what they wanted. College coaches literally clamored to pay his rent and provide money, clothes and other favors. Though he never had worked a day in his life, he drove a new Corvette to his classes at L.A. State. His mother, Ella, a devotee of drag racing, totaled it. Teachers gave him grades. Pro basketball agents loaned him money that was never repaid and offered automobiles; at one time Lewis had a Cadillac, a Pantera and a custom van. Says one agent, Vic Weiss, "I don't think anybody would really tell you all they gave him because it would make them look very foolish." Even the pro coaches and general managers were willing to put up with almost any indignity. Once they saw him play they kept coming back, passionate suitors at his doorstep. Over a period of years Philadelphia gave him $40,000.

All last summer he worked out in anticipation of a tryout with the New York Knicks, playing in an industrial league in Costa Mesa, Calif. Lewis' attitude had changed. He was subdued and showed less bravado, and slowly his skills were coming back. "Offensively, he's as good as any guard I've ever seen," said Billy Paultz, the center for the San Antonio Spurs and a summer-league teammate. "He has an automatic jump shot. He's not afraid to go against anybody."

Looking back, Raymond Lewis claims that the worst handicap of his years of promise was his avarice. He took what he could get. "The bad effect was that I tended to get soft," he says now. "They were ripping me off for my talent, and I





slacked up. I lost a lot of motivation. It softened me, and I neglected myself and my game. I was an 18-year-old with a new Corvette."

He was also a pro rookie who signed a contract and then wanted to renegotiate, not only before he had played a regular-season game but also before he had taken part in a regular practice. The 76ers, naturally, refused. And Raymond Lewis was dumbfounded—and hurt. He went home to L.A.

"The bottom line on him is that he's absolutely the best player ever to come out of California. If he were playing today, if he had gone along with Philadelphia and continued to improve, he'd be an All-Pro guard. He would have been in the class of Oscar Robertson and Jerry West. He'd be the best in the NBA today. No question."—George McQuarn

Lewis' Philadelphia saga is so confusing that even the principals can't figure out exactly what happened. Probably most of them would like to forget the entire business. Lewis himself never was enamored of the idea of going East; he would rather have been anywhere else. The previous year (1972-73) the 76ers had set a record for futility, winning nine of 82 games. Don DeJardin was the club's general manager then, and he remembers that when Lewis was drafted, six or seven impatient people phoned to claim they would be Raymond's agent during the contract negotiations. Finally, DeJardin talked to Lewis, who said, "I'm my own agent." But Raymond arrived in Philadelphia accompanied by Paul McCracken, who once played for the Houston Rockets. Lewis says he opened negotiations at $2 million, then dropped down to $1 million, but DeJardin scoffs at those figures. In those heady days NBA money had Donald Duck's picture on it. Finally, after a phone call to his father, Lewis signed what he thought was a guaranteed three-year contract for $450,000. Actually, it was for $190,000. The contract provided for a $25,000 signing bonus, $50,000 the first year, $55,000 the second and $60,000 the third. The rest of the money, payable in the late 1980s, hinged on Lewis staying in the NBA. A newspaper reporter said the contract was appropriate for "a third-round pick with terminal acne."

In San Diego's training camp, Lewis wore a number again, but back in the neighborhood he was just one of many hopefuls.



A short time later the 76ers held their June rookie camp and Raymond Lewis was sensational. Hungry for news from what usually was a humdrum period, and practiced at mocking the team's top draft pick, the Philadelphia media "discovered" him, and were delighted that he looked better than Doug Collins, the club's and the league's first draft choice in 1973 and a star in the Olympic Games, who had signed for $200,000 a year. COLLINS TALKS A GOOD GAME, BUT RAYMOND LEWIS PLAYS IT blared one headline. LEWIS DESTROYS VAN LIER-TYPE was another. "Raymond Lewis is a 20-point favorite over Doug Collins " wrote one reporter who cited a quote from Dick McGuire, the New York Knicks scout: "Raymond Lewis has more raw basketball talent than any college player in the country and that includes Bill Walton. He might be the best draft choice Philly made since Billy Cunningham." Another writer said, "Lewis is kind of young to be a legend, but he's off to a fast start." It was said that 76ers Coach Gene Shue refused to allow Collins to guard Lewis, and that is when Raymond

continued



Facing an uncertain future, Lewis passes time with his grandparents and daughter

Lewis *continued*

Lewis decided he needed some new and richer fine print in his contract.

Lewis had shown up at rookie camp with his girl friend. "No one told me she couldn't come," he said. Al Ross, the Beverly Hills agent who had stung pro basketball with litigation over his client Spencer Haywood, was his new representative. Don DeJardin had resigned. In effect, Shue now was also the general manager. Lewis would practice a few days, then, upset over his contract, steal away in the middle of the night and fly to L.A. The 76ers would talk him into coming back. Lewis contends that once, while he was sitting in Ross' office and listening on a speaker phone, he heard Shue promise to renegotiate the contract and pay him another $20,000 in cash. Lewis showed up at camp with a letter summarizing the phone call, and Shue, he says, tore it up. Both Ross and Shue deny that such an agreement was made. In fact, Ross is suing Lewis for money he claims is owed him for legal services and personal loans. "When a guy has 12 people representing him and 12 cars, he has a lot of problems," Ross says now. "He came in here and said, 'DeJardin lied to me. Gene Shue lied to me.' We tried to work it out. The guy was ungrateful. He left a lot of people stranded. He owes a lot of money to a lot of people. He didn't want to face reality."

But reality to Raymond Lewis was that he was better than Doug Collins and that Collins was being paid four times as much as he was. He kept busy at the airports. He would depart, the 76ers would bring him back, then give him only two or three days of expense money in an attempt to keep him close to home. Lewis would take off again. At one point he was supposed to meet the club in Chicago at O'Hare Airport and join them for an exhibition-game trip. He failed to show. Shue dispatched Assistant Coach Jack McMahon to find him. McMahon located him and filled him in on the team's offense on the way to a game in Normal, Ill., ironically, Doug Collins' college town. Lewis dressed for the game, but Shue had not planned to use him. Wounded again, Raymond slipped away at halftime, no one could guard him on or off the court. The Philly papers now called him "The Phantom."

"Whatever happened to Raymond Lewis?"—Gene Shue

Verbum Dei High School is an oasis in the middle of Watts. On all sides are poverty, despair, disease. "Charcoal Alley," a street that was burnt out in the 1965 rioting, is not far away. Neither are the conditions that, in effect, ignited the first match—unemployment in Watts today is between 10% and 15%.

Father Thomas James is one of the priests who instruct the 265 students at the private Catholic school. He taught English to Raymond Lewis and remembers him as quiet and shy, and not particularly interested in his studies. "Basketball was the focal point of his life, and he didn't have a great amount of confidence in himself as a person," says Father James. "But on the basketball court he was phenomenal. A different person emerged."

The priest is sitting on a wall in the school courtyard, a short, black man talking in the patois of the community. "When he came back from Philly, he was just another cat on the street trying to make it. He didn't have the sophistication to deal with the people in the NBA. He went off like a young eagle just learning to fly and came back with his wings clipped. People around here thought he was an NBA star when he was still in high school. And he was just a kid. He had all of this talent, but he didn't have anybody to share it with, though a lot of people tried to take his success and use it for themselves.

"Those owners just laughed about the contract demands. They said, 'These niggers come all this way and tell us what *they* are going to do. *They're* telling us. We got the money and they ain't got nothing.' How're you going to deal with someone like Red Auerbach, you a kid, when Bill Russell couldn't deal with him? Raymond's a very proud person. And the whole thing has given him some negative hurt. But I have the feeling that he's

continued



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going to get a fair shot, and if he does that, I'll feel good."

Twenty feet away is the Verbum Dei gymnasium, with its worn and dusty tile floor and wooden backboards, hardly the type of facility you would expect at a school that won the California Interscholastic Federation championship six straight years, at a school that has sent David Greenwood and Roy Hamilton to UCLA.

Raymond Lewis is on the court, his body glistening, playing one-on-one with George Simpson, a 21-year-old cousin. During his exile from basketball, Lewis had gained weight, ballooning to 205 pounds, and developed a bad reputation. The word was that he was "hanging out," drinking beer. Caldwell Black, the coach who got him started in the recreational leagues during junior high school, recalls walking into a community park one day and noticing in the distance a chunky fellow shooting a jump shot with a motion so pure it provoked his curiosity. As he got closer he realized with a wave of sadness and pity that it was Raymond Lewis, the legend who never was.

These days Lewis is trimmed down, with only a lingering hint of thickness about the midsection. Since February he has worked out nearly every day, running to exhaustion on the beach, wearing heavy boots, practicing his ball handling, scrimmaging with the Verbum Dei team, trying to erase the past.

Oddly enough, the architect of his comeback is Don DeJardin, who started Lewis' odyssey in 1973 by refusing his contract demands. DeJardin is now a real-estate investment man in L.A. as well as the agent for several players and the owner of an ice cream store. He bumped into Lewis in a parking lot last year and once again realized what a shame it was that he never had played pro basketball. It was DeJardin who had asked then-76er Coach Jack Ramsay to look at Lewis while he was still a freshman in college. Earlier that year, Lewis had been offered a $75,000 contract after a workout with Pittsburgh of the ABA. Ramsay had the youngster play one-on-one with a 76ers guard. Lewis destroyed him.

DeJardin remembers speaking to a class at the UCLA law school last spring, and when the students discovered he was involved with Raymond Lewis they begged for details. When he finished, they stood and applauded. "In 1973 he was a 20-year-old with the emotions of a 14-year-old," says DeJardin. "Right now he is a 25-year-old with the emotions of a 35-year-old because he has lived through some trying times and weathered them. He's the American Dream right now—the guy who had it all and lost it, who was buried. And now he's getting another shot."

DeJardin rounded up seven L.A. businessmen who agreed to put Lewis on a monthly retainer of $600 so he could con-



centrate on getting back in shape. In a few months he dropped more than 15 pounds.

Watching Lewis on the court, you first notice his legs. They flash like high-speed machinery. His starts and stops are abrupt. Then his ball handling draws your attention. His head is always up, his eyes looking for an opening, while the ball is under control. His cousin is a dogged opponent, but Lewis can do what he wants. Father James comes into the gym and joins the game. Now it is two against one. Lewis' spirits rise. His fakes are more intense, his moves even quicker. The other players are befuddled as they grab after him, while he glides into the air. He wins the game easily.

"Want some more?" he teases.

"No, I need a rest," says the priest.

Pat Williams, who replaced DeJardin as Philly's GM, recalls watching Lewis in college. "I walked out of the gym with a tingle, a glow, because I had seen a special performance," he says. In 1975 Williams decided to bring Lewis back to the 76ers camp. He still was their property, though he was on the suspended list. In fact, the previous year the team had stopped him from playing with the Utah Stars by threatening a lawsuit. It was the closest Lewis ever came to appearing in a pro game. He was on the bench when Utah officials received a call from the 76ers telling them there was the possibility of a lawsuit if Lewis played. "Raymond was not going to waltz around pro basketball doing what he wanted," Williams says. "We had tied up about $30,000 to $40,000 in him and had not gotten back a plugged nickel."

So, for a payment of $15,000, which effectively canceled the original three-year contract, Philly agreed to bring back "The Phantom" and paid $1,000 for a share in a team in the Southern California Pro Basketball Summer League so that Lewis might play himself back into shape. "I got one report two-thirds of the way through the season that Raymond had disappeared," Williams recalls. "Apparently he disappeared during the ball game. He went down the floor, didn't get the ball on the fast break and, disgusted, kept right on going, right out the door. They never saw him again."

Though Shue and McMahon wanted nothing to do with Lewis, Williams persevered, sent him a plane ticket, phoned to make sure he had proper instructions, then went to the Philadelphia airport accompanied by a group of writers and broadcasters. Lewis walked off the plane with Summer Bartholomew, the 1975 Miss USA, who had sat with him during the flight. He was carrying a Bible. Williams says he was thinking "Raymond's all straightened out." And Lewis announced at a press conference, "I'm ready to forget the past and just play basketball. I'd say it's about time to start

continued

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my career." Then he added, "Pat's a nice dude."

At the 76ers' first workout Lewis complained of leg cramps, and Philly rookie Lloyd Free handled any moves he tried. The next day Lewis did not practice, complaining of a sore back. The following morning, as Williams walked into the gym Lewis was walking out. "I can't take it anymore," he said. "I'm going home." "Wait a minute," said an exasperated Williams. "We'll get you the plane ticket." Then he told the press, "The file on Raymond Lewis is closed, the cabinet door is locked and his association with Philadelphia is sealed history. We are through with him."

"It was amazing how Raymond always surrounded himself with people that just worshiped him."—Nob Scott, assistant coach at L.A. State.

Away from the hero-worshipers, Lewis was a loner. He skipped some prep banquets in his honor because he was uncomfortable eating with strangers. A college in Louisiana once sent a plane to L.A. so that he and a high school teammate could visit the school. Lewis recalls that the college had offered to build a home for his parents. He now says that he wasn't really interested in visiting the school. The other player made the trip without him. Stu Inman, vice-president of the Portland Trail Blazers, went to see him play a game before the 1973 NBA draft and to talk about Portland selecting him. Lewis never showed. Howard Adams, then the Stars' assistant coach, recalls that while Lewis was with Utah he refused to dress for practice with the rest of the players. As the years passed, he grew more aloof, more cautious. "He was really put out that he had to keep on proving himself," says Adams. "Everybody was watching him, scrutinizing him, looking for things."

The feeling that Lewis had that he was special began when he was growing up. His parents were divorced; he would live with one, then the other, then with one of two sets of grandparents, each faction vying for his affection. "I still spoil him," says his mother. In elementary school, when Raymond complained that an older bully was beating him on his way home, his mother bought him a motorbike. One of his father's treasures is a me-

continued

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KODAK CAROUSEL PROJECTORS

ticulously kept scrapbook filled with photos and clippings of his son's exploits. Raymond scrawled in his high school hand such captions as: *This is my most deadliest weapon—dribbling.* And, *Fall back jumper in the Sports Arena.* "The boy never had to work," says Raymond's grandfather, Rufus Lewis, a 69-year-old retired barber who with his wife Majestia helped raise him. "He never did anything but play ball. That's all he knows, and as long as I'm living I'm going to be on his back, pushing him."

Rufus Lewis acted as his grandson's trainer. Obsessed with his mission, he cemented his entire backyard, put up a basketball goal and a light so Raymond could practice into the night. "I'll be a proud old man when I see that boy get a chance to prove himself to the world," he says now. "I want the whole world to get a chance to see what he can do."

The Rufus Lewises have since moved from Watts. They were almost burned out during the riots. Raymond and his grandfather stood on the roof with a hose to keep the flames from reaching them. The family lives in Compton, where there is a basket in the backyard, this one for 12-year-old Ramon, who shows the same promise that his brother did at that age. Another brother, Raynard, was a good player also.

The college suitors came courting Raymond Lewis when he was ready to enter high school. He actually enrolled in three, Fremont, Jordan and Locke, staying a while at each, before settling on Verbum Dei because McQuarn had hired Caldwell Black as his assistant. Of course, nearly every school that strongly pursued him violated recruiting rules. One put him up in a luxury apartment on the ocean. He had only to ask for money, favors, clothes. But his heart belonged to Jerry Tarkanian, then the coach at Long Beach State, which Tarkanian had turned into a national power. Tarkanian had been in contact with Lewis since the 10th grade, and during one stretch Tarkanian spent so much time with Lewis' mother that one day when the coach's wife Lois phoned him he called her Ella throughout the conversation.

Tarkanian saw Lewis as "the missing link" and told everyone that with him he could realize his dream: beating UCLA and winning an NCAA championship. At the time the coach also was recruiting Ernie Douse, then New York City's Player of the Year, and when Douse came out to California during the summer, Lewis badgered Tarkanian about setting up a one-on-one game between them. "But I wouldn't allow it," says Tarkanian. "I knew that Raymond would kill Douse, and I was afraid he'd get discouraged and go back home. Raymond would play all of our kids one-on-one and kill 'em, and half of them were All-Americas. He was in high school. Nobody knows him like I do, and I say he was the best high school player I ever saw." For the last few years, every time Tarkanian's name would come up for a professional coaching job, he could expect a telephone call from his former protégé, encouraging him to take the job. "He knew I would give him a long, close look in the pros," said Tarkanian.

"Lewis was blessed with such tremendous talent. He had body balance, great reflexes and coordination. A lot of players have those skills and never use them, but Raymond had them and developed them. He had a great quickness on the court, but it was his ability to shoot with a man right on top of him that made him so great. A lot of players can shoot, but Lewis had all the moves to get the shot off. He loved to take players one-on-one. His quickness made it impossible for one man to guard him. He loved it."—Jerry Tarkanian, UNLV coach

Lewis would have gone to Long Beach, but Bob Miller, the L.A. State coach, had hired Caldwell Black to be his assistant coach. Also, Miller had enrolled Lewis in three summer-school classes. At one point Lewis wrote to Miller and said he did not want to go there. But at the same time he was telling Tarkanian, "It boiled down to the money and the car and the other things, stuff I never had before."

Miller pointed out that he was already in summer school. Tarkanian and Lewis assumed that Raymond would have to sit out a season as a transfer student if he came to Long Beach. Actually, Lewis could have enrolled at Long Beach the following fall. There was no NCAA regulation against it. Tarkanian still insists that when he checked with the NCAA, he was told that Lewis would have to transfer. Regardless, he was off to a great academic start at L.A. State, scoring straight A's in his classes—beginning golf, physical conditioning and basketball. "I never felt worse about losing a player," says Tarkanian. He found out about it at a local All-Star game when reporters told him the news. Tarkanian had arranged for Lewis' girl friend to enroll at Long Beach. She did, but switched to L.A. State.

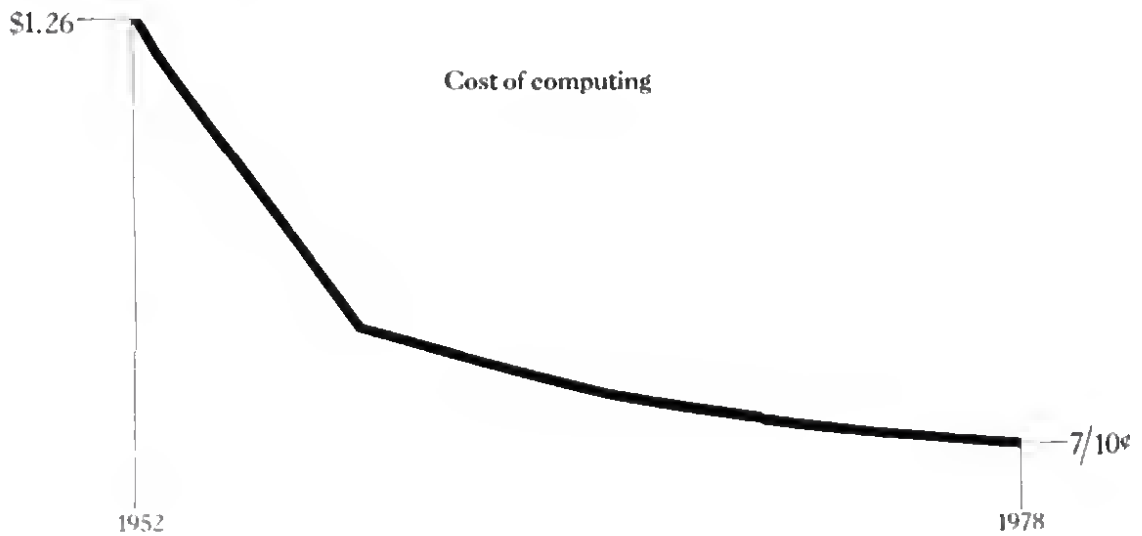
Miller and Tarkanian were coaching rivals dating back to high school, and Tark the Shark held a big edge. He had pushed Long Beach State to prominence while Miller worked with second-line players. They were in the same conference, and signing Lewis was a considerable triumph for Miller. But Lewis' short stay at L.A. State was a tempestuous time for his coach. Miller is an affable, easygoing fellow and was hardly prepared to handle Lewis, who was his entree to the big time. The first time L.A. State played Long Beach, the game was on Tarkanian's court, and Lewis, nervous and jittery, hounded by opponents and the crowd, missed his first 14 shots and wound up shooting eight for 34. The Forty Niners' Glenn McDonald, later a first-round draft pick for Boston, said afterward, "Raymond, Raymond, Raymond. We get tired of Tark talking about how good Raymond is. Anybody can be stopped." In the next game, played at L.A. State, the Long Beach fans brought banners ridiculing Lewis and yelled, "Shoot, Raymond, shoot!" every time he touched the ball. He scored 53 points, and L.A. State beat Long Beach in double overtime. Bob Miller, his suit coat soaked through with perspiration, embraced Raymond's father and said, "It was all worth it."

But it all came to naught. Soon after Lewis quit L.A. State to turn pro, Miller became disillusioned with coaching temperamental players. He is now a physical-education teacher.

Trying to explain his repeated failures to play pro ball, Lewis subscribes to a conspiracy theory. "If I had been a white player, God knows I'd be playing and deserving the acclaim as one of the all-time greats of the sport," a Watts newspaper quoted him as saying. He claims he was blackballed, that for some inexplicable reason the 76ers turned against him.

continued

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"Here I was every day showing up their top draft choice, killing him," he says. "They gave Doug Collins all the money and I was eating him alive. There wasn't any comparison." Lewis even believes that someone altered his field-goal shooting percentage in college and that a Philadelphia newspaper writer was fired because he was printing too many positive things about him. "That's what I heard," he says.

Some of his friends, the buddies he brought along with him to college, now work in factories. One of them, Dwight Slaughter, is a burly, stocky man with a fierce countenance made even more menacing by a goatee, long sideburns and glowering eyes. He also thinks he is being blackballed by the NBA. "They don't want any West Coast ballplayers," he said one day recently in Lewis' presence. "See, this is paradise out here. The West Coast player knows everything. You can't control him. So they get the East Coast players. They can control them."

Lewis agrees with him.

"Raymond and I go into a gym and there'll be some NBA players there," says Slaughter. "They know they can't play with us."

"They see us, they go to another part of the gym," Lewis chimes in. "And we're supposed to be finished, washed up."

"But once we get in, once we get a chance in the NBA, they'll see what's going on," says Slaughter. "You watch for me with the Chicago Bulls this year."

During recent months, Lewis claims to have changed many of his attitudes. His comeback, he says, was financed only in part by the L.A. businessmen. It also had spiritual backing. "I was a sinner like everybody else," he says. "But I was blind as a blind man. I realized I was cheating myself and I reached out and asked for help. And I got it. I just want a break. I don't want to be like no Joe Louis, to end up broke. This is it for me. I got to do it all. I can't lay back. I got to build my stamina. I got to train. I got to half kill myself. I've grown up. If push comes to shove, I've got to go out there and do some slavery. Get a job. Get out there and struggle. I brought a lot of problems on myself by leaving school and going for the money. But I paid for those mistakes. If I've cheated anyone, I figure that we're all even now. I want my family under a roof I can say is mine. I want it for my wife and daughter. They're my strength. The Lord will decide through certain people if I will play pro ball. But I don't think my life will be complete if I don't."

The New York Knickerbockers opened their rookie and free-agent camp last July 24 at Monmouth College in West Long Branch, N.J., and Raymond Lewis was there, which, considering his history, was a good beginning. However, he was complaining of a cold, seemed hesitant to mingle with the other players in the dining hall and spent much of his time inquiring about the location of the nearest airport. He did not want to have to ride back on the bus to New York with the others. "I'd like to get back to California," he said. "When this is over, there's nothing for me here."

On the floor, flashes of the old offensive greatness were evident, but in a free-agent camp it is every man for himself. Lewis would pass the ball and never see it again. Often he was in poor position, his defense was almost nonexistent and, surprisingly, as one observer noted, in effort and hustle he was "10th among the guys on the floor."

The following day Lewis seemed to improve during the morning session. He said his cold was cured, and he dominated some one-on-one drills, his ebullience mounting with each success. At the luncheon break Coach Willis Reed said that he had invited Lewis back to the fall camp. That evening the players scrimmaged again. By then it was obvious to all who was going to return and who was going to continue to exist on rumors and hope. The YMCAs were waiting.

And then it happened. During the scrimmage, Lewis dribbled upcourt and his man challenged him at the midcourt line. Lewis gave a little fake and accelerated and left him floundering. A taller player came out recklessly to pick him up, as the murmuring began among the players on the sideline. The attention was back. Lewis pulled up for his jump shot, the taller forward, arms outstretched, prepared to react, but he was a split second too late. The abrupt stop had caught him. It was just as it used to be, the sun a spotlight, just like all of those times at Verbum Dei and at L.A. State, just as it was when no one said no to Raymond Lewis. He was poised in the air now, head up, the ball leaving his hand with perfect rotation, heading toward the basket 15 feet away, the bewitched forward waving futilely as it went by and the players on the sideline leaning forward, the words forming in their mouths. "Sweet Lew," one of them cackled as the ball rippled through the net. "Do it, Sweet Lew, do it."

After the Knicks' rookie camp, DeJardin and Lewis assessed the team's roster, which at that time was loaded with guards. Clearly, Lewis would have a hard time making the Knicks. With this in mind, DeJardin phoned Gene Shue, the newly named coach of the San Diego Clippers, and the upshot was that Shue invited Lewis to fall camp. A contract was signed.

On Sept. 15 Raymond reported to the San Diego Clippers for veteran preseason practice. Ten days later he was cut, the waves of uncertainty back again, anger welling.

"What I was looking for was a guard to complement Randy Smith, a penetrating, passing guard, which Raymond was when I saw him in Philadelphia," Shue said. "This time he played well, but he was not what I was looking for. He was judged on what he, Raymond Lewis, would do for the Clippers. I gave him a fair, honest chance to succeed. Maybe Raymond will never understand all that."

"It's not my talent, it's beyond that," Lewis said. "I felt I played well. I had 25 points in an intrasquad game. I passed well, but I had the feeling some of the players didn't like me and they felt I had an attitude because of my background. . . . Just throwing me off the team because there *might* be problems. I can't believe it. Right now I'm just trying to put my life back into perspective."

That perspective includes the possibility of a new professional minor league in the Western states. There is also the European circuit. And there is the daily newspaper with the NBA roster changes and injury reports. There is always hope, sometimes false, but who knows? They always said Raymond Lewis was the best. He still believes it. END

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As I Saw It

by Jeannette Bruce

THE KINGDOME WAS A CLIP JOINT WHEN THE PAPER AIRPLANES WERE LAUNCHED

At precisely 1:15 p.m. last Father's Day in Seattle, the strains of our national anthem echoed loudly in the Kingdome as 6,174 adults and children rose to their feet, holding over their hearts sheets of paper in a variety of shapes and sizes. The World Indoor Paper Airplane Championship was about to begin. Outside, another unusual event was in progress. After a week of steady rain, the sun was shining. Sailboats dotted Puget Sound, people walked in sleeveless shirts and dresses, smiles on their faces. This upset promoter Michael Campbell.

"If the weather is nice, people may decide to spend the day outdoors," he had fretted. But shortly after noon, paper airplane enthusiasts and those who had succumbed to the newspaper stories, press releases and radio announcements began to form a line at the gates.

". . . The already bulging annals of aviation (Orville, Wilbur, Lindbergh, Superman, etc.) are again going to undergo a fattening process," read an early flyer sent out by Michael Campbell Sports, Inc. "To give you an idea of the scope of this event . . . invitations have been sent to all 149 member countries of the United Nations. When you consider that the most nations ever represented in a paper airplane toss is a mere 28 . . . it shouldn't take long to figure out this thing is BIG STUFF. Before a summary of the rules, it is with pleasure that we announce that a naked 1978 Toyota Celica liftback will be parked directly in the center of a large circle on the AstroTurf floor of the stadium, its sun roof open. A paper airplane that floats down and into that sun roof will earn its owner the car—lock, stock and windshield wipers.

"Each airplane constructed must be made from the official forms, Scotch tape and not more than five No. 1 standard paper clips. In the interest of science, aviation and the patron saint of such matters, Leonardo da Vinci, the planes should, in fact, resemble an airplane in design. This means no crumpling the paper into a ball and throwing it; such behavior will be indicative of the contestant not entering into the joyous spirit of this grand affair."

"Everyone has visions of driving away in that Toyota," said Campbell happily, as a corner of the huge stadium began to fill. Campbell, who started his career as a Formula C race-car driver, had given up racing in order to manage International Raceway Parks for three years, then turned to the full-time promotion of sporting events.

"I was delighted when the King County council accepted my offer to organize the paper airplane championships," he said, going on to explain that Seattle's football team, the Seahawks, aren't always, well, exciting to watch, so when fans attend the football games, they often amuse themselves by throwing paper out of the stands. "Sometimes that's the most exciting thing that happens during an entire game," he said.

Campbell excused himself to introduce former State Senator Bob Greive, one of nine King County councilmen. Greive then addressed the audience, which was generally inattentive. Most had already bought their five sheets of 100% recycled 70-weight paper and were busy folding, taping and paper-clipping it into forms vaguely resembling aircraft. Greive said that the moment he got his first look at the domed stadium, its vast interior and lofty ceiling, he thought of paper airplanes. (He did not say why.) Besides, he went on, he had attended many Seahawks' games, and those experiences had reinforced his belief that the stadium should be used from time to time for charitable purposes. He was happy to announce that Pacific Northwest Bell was underwriting the expense of this affair, and that proceeds from the sale of the paper (five sheets for $1) and T shirts ($4) would go to the local Boys and Girls Clubs. In the corridor behind the stands, hopeful contestants were milling around cartons filled with 150,000 sheets of recycled paper.

"Can I go out and throw my plane yet?" a little boy asked his mother. He had made his plane at a hot dog stand and inscribed it with his name, according to the rules.

"Not yet," said his mother. "And look, you've got mustard all over the wings." A little mustard might give the paper some weight, was the opinion of the boy's father as they headed for the third level of the stadium from which all entries had to be thrown.

The third level was about 100 feet above the AstroTurf. The Toyota gleamed below, a little silvery target that had brought at least one out-of-stater to the event (unaccountably, no one from any of the other 148 member countries of the United Nations had shown up). He was Ray Jackson of Columbus, Ohio, who introduced himself as the paper airplane champion of his state. When pressed, however, he was unable to document where or when he had won the title. He could make a plane land on a dime, Jackson nevertheless insisted. "The trick is airfoils instead of wings," he said, and hurried off to the third level.



Campbell and his crew had spent the morning laying out the target areas, with squares of brightly colored paper forming dotted lines and, within the dotted lines, Lucky Circles, constructed out of butcher paper. On each Lucky Circle was written the type of prize: tennis rackets, gift certificates from

The Athlete's Foot, football tickets, record albums, Seattle Mariners' baseballs and caps, and shares of Boeing stock.

A few errant planes, thrown ahead of time, indicated the impatience of the contestants. Mostly they plummeted straight down, or turned in midcourse to nosedive into the stands below.

Announcer Mark Jeffries stepped up to a microphone near the Toyota. "The World Indoor Paper Airplane Championship will officially begin as soon as John Steiner, vice-president of Corporate Product Development at Boeing aircraft, has thrown out the first plane," he intoned. Steiner was at that moment down on his hands and knees on the AstroTurf, trying to follow the written instructions on how to make an airplane. He was assisted by a Boeing aeronautical engineer, Doug McLean, who had worked out the design for Campbell.

"Fold the paper on that center line first, then fold the wings back," McLean instructed Steiner, who had been instrumental in developing Boeing's 727 in the early 1960s, had twice been cited by *Aviation Week & Space Technology* and had just received the University of Washington's *Summa Laude Dignatus* award for 1978.

Soon Steiner was clutching, between forefinger and thumb, a craft held together with a bit of Scotch tape and a paper clip. And suddenly it was aloft. It sailed about 20 or 30 feet, then went down, falling short of the dotted lines. The contest was officially open, and a blizzard of planes hit the AstroTurf. Within an hour the aisles were full of discarded and misdirected aircraft. No one hit the Toyota, not even the self-proclaimed paper airplane champion from Ohio. Little boys who had volunteered darted around picking up misguided missiles. They were asked by Jeffries not to run too fast, because they created air currents that might deflect planes still to be thrown.

A craft looking like an Indian headdress landed near a wheel of the Toyota, to a round of applause. It had been designed by a 6-year-old boy who was quickly summoned to the microphone.

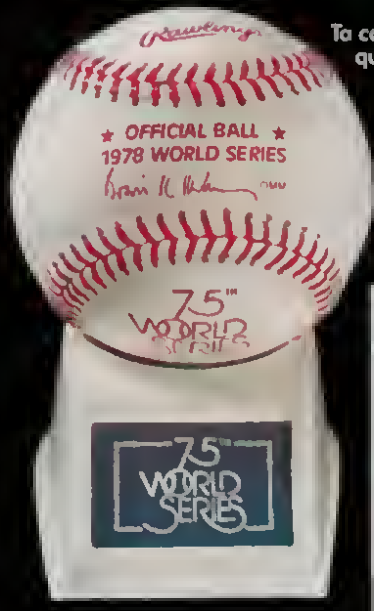
"What technical skill did you bring to your airplane design?" asked Jeffries.

"None," the kid replied.

At the end of the afternoon, he and 11 others who had landed nearest the center of the field participated in a long-distance throw to determine the champion. All but three of their planes plunged ignominiously earthward. Those three glided rather prettily to settle gently on the turf. Distances were solemnly measured, and 24-year-old Steve Monks of Kent, Wash., with a distance of 255 feet, was proclaimed the World Indoor Paper Airplane champion. Monks said he had given his plane a slight lift on two ends and put a paper clip in the middle. Greive presented him with a plaque.

The contest over, the stadium cleared quickly. Steiner had already departed, but the Toyota remained, to oversee what was going to be a massive clean-up job: 33,375 paper airplanes littered the Kingdome. They would be recycled, of course. END

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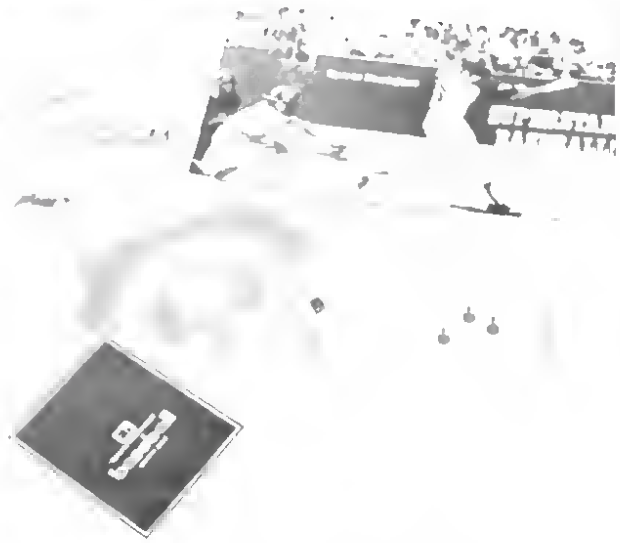


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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 2-8

BOXING—Olympic heavyweight champion TEOFILO STEVENSON stopped Jimmy Clark of Coatesville, Pa. with 23 seconds left in the third round to lead the Cuban national team to an 8–3 triumph over the U.S. in Madison Square Garden (*page 82*)

CHESS—Viktor Korchnoi forced world champion Anatoly Karpov to resign on the 79th move of the 29th game to win his second straight match in the world championship at Baguio City, Philippines, and narrow Karpov's lead to 5–4. Six matches wins.

PRO FOOTBALL—Winning twice in less than a week, including an upset of archrival Dallas on Monday night, *Washington remained unbeaten and maintained a two*-game lead over the Cowboys in the NFC East (*page 30*). Mark Moseley kicked three field goals and a tough Washington defense stymied the Dallas attack as the Redskins beat the Cowboys 9–5 before 55,031, among them Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter in Washington. In Pontiac, Mich., however, the Skins themselves avoided an upset when Joe Theismann threw a 25-yard touchdown pass with 1:24 to go, giving Washington a 21–19 victory over Detroit. Dallas rebounded to beat the New York Giants 24–3. Roger Staubach threw three touchdown passes and the Giant quarterbacks were sacked eight times. The Cowboys have now played 11 quarters without surrendering a touchdown. The league's other surprise team, NFC Central leader Green Bay, defeated Chicago 24–14 *to up its record to 5–1, its best start* since 1966. Safety Steve Luke returned an interception 63 yards for a touchdown, and Defensive Tackle Carl Barzilauskas set up another with an interception deep in Bear territory. The Packers gained a game on both Chicago and Minnesota as Seattle, getting a 19-yard field goal from Efren Herrera with three seconds left, upset the Vikings in the Kingdome 29–28. The victory negated a brilliant performance by Fran Tarkenton, who completed 27 of 37 for 274 yards, threw two touchdown passes and ran for a third. Los Angeles and Pittsburgh both won to remain undefeated. The Rams beat San Francisco 27–10 in O. J. Simpson's return to the Los Angeles Coliseum. The Juice had 83 yards in 20 carries. Terry Bradshaw completed 13 of 18 for 231 yards *and a touchdown and Rocky Bleier scored twice as the* Steelers beat Atlanta 31–7. Oakland slipped into a tie with Denver for the AFC West lead. The Raiders edged Houston 21–17 when Dave Casper grabbed a three-yard Ken Stabler pass for a score with 42 seconds remaining. San Diego defeated Denver 23–0 with Don Woods running for 50 yards and a touchdown and Dan Fouts passing 14 yards to Hank Bauer for another. New England defeated Philadelphia 24–14 as Steve Grogan tossed a 58-yard touchdown pass to Stanley Morgan and Linebacker Steve Nelson recovered three fumbles. In New York, Kevin Long ran for three first-half touchdowns, and Bruce Harper returned a punt 82 yards for a TD as the Jets routed Buffalo 45–14. The Jets' 45 points were the most by an NFL club this season. Tampa Bay moved into a tie with the Vikings and the Bears for second in the NFC Central with a 30–13 victory over Kansas City, it was the Chiefs' fifth straight defeat. Cleveland defeated New Orleans 24–16 in the Superdome, and Baltimore beat winless St. Louis 30–17.

GOLF—GIL MORGAN shot a final-round one-under-par 70 for a 273 total, 11 under par, to win his second straight tournament, the $300,000 Pacific Club Masters in *Gotemba, Japan by three strokes over Jerry Pate*.

HARNESS RACING—DOUBLEMINT ($3.80), driven by Peter Haughton, won the final leg of trotting's Triple Crown, the $100,000 Kentucky Futurity, by 2¼ lengths over Way to Gain. The 3-year-old was timed in 1:58⅗.

HORSE RACING—STRIKE YOUR COLORS ($12.60), Eddie Delahoussaye up, won the $146,475 Breeders' Futurity at Keeneland by 3½ lengths over Lot O' Gold. The 2-year-old covered the seven furlongs in 1:26⅘.

SPECTACULAR BID ($6.80), ridden by Jorge Velasquez, defeated General Assembly by 2¾ lengths in the $133,750 Champagne Stakes for 2-year-olds at Belmont. The *Hawksworth Farm colt was timed in 1:34⅘ for the* mile.

WAYA ($15.20), Angel Cordero Jr. riding, defeated Tiller by 1¾ lengths and took the $132,875 Man o'War Stakes at Belmont. The French born 4-year-old, the only filly in the race, was clocked in 2:16⅘ for the mile and three-eighths.

MOTOR SPORTS—Driving on Montreal's new 2.8-mile Ile Notre Dame circuit at an average speed of 99.6 mph, GILLES VILLENEUVE, in a Ferrari, became not only the first Canadian to win the Canadian Grand Prix, but also the first to win a Formula I race.

BOBBY ALLISON, driving a Ford, averaged 141.826 mph on the Charlotte (N.C.) Motor Speedway to win the $262,775 National 500 NASCAR race by 30.2 seconds over Darrell Waltrip, in a Chevrolet.

TENNIS—Arthur Ashe defeated Kjell Johansson, 6–2, 6–0, 7–5 to give the U.S. the clinching victory in a 3–2 win over Sweden in the Davis Cup interzone semifinals in Göteborg, Sweden, and a berth against Great Britain in the finals (*page 79*).

JOHN McENROE defeated Dick Stockton 2–6, 7–6, 6–2 to win a $175,000 Grand Prix tournament in San Francisco.

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA defeated Tracy Austin 6–4, 6–2 to win the $75,000 Phoenix Classic.

WEIGHT LIFTING—At the world championships in Gettysburg, Pa., the SOVIET UNION won the team title with 281 points. YURI VARDANYAN of the U.S.S.R. established world records in the snatch (377 pounds), clean and jerk (464 pounds) and total (832 pounds), his teammate DAVID RIGERT won the title in the 220-pound division. JÜRGEN HEUSER of East Germany was first in the superheavyweight class (*page 90*).

MILEPOSTS—ACQUIRED: By the Houston Hurricane, Forward KYLE ROTE JR., 27, from the Dallas Tornado for a reported $500,000 over three years. Rote is *the leading scorer in Tornado history (118 points)* and was Rookie of the Year in 1973.

EXPELLED: From the International Amateur Athletic Federation, the ruling body of track and field, the REPUBLIC OF CHINA (Taiwan). The People's Republic of China will replace Taiwan as a member of the IAAF General Assembly.

RETIRED: MEADOWLARK LEMON, 46, who combined brilliant basketball skills with inspired craziness as player-coach for the Harlem Globetrotters.

TRADED: To the Cleveland Indians, Texas Outfielder BOBBY BONDS and Relief Pitcher LEN BARKER for *Reliever JIM KERN and Infielder LARVELL BLANKS*.

DIED: ALEXANDER BELOV, 26, who scored the controversial final basket in the U.S.S.R. basketball team's victory over the U.S. in the 1972 Olympics, of cardiac insufficiency, in Leningrad.

CREDITS

6—Evelyn Floret—Black Star. **24,25**—(clockwise from top left) Tony Triolo, Peter Read Miller (2), Heinz Kluetmeier, Manny Millan, Heinz Kluetmeier. **27**—Peter Read Miller. **29**—Manny Millan. **30,31**—James Drake (left), Barton Silverman. **32,33**—Rich Clarkson. **34**—Tony Tomsic (top), Rich Clarkson. **46**—Peter Read Miller. **47**—Walter Iooss Jr. **48,49**—Dan Bellotti (top), Lana Slawen. **57**—Grant M. Haller. **68**—Steve Goldstein. **79, 80**—Tony Duffy. **82**—Ken Regan/Camera 5. **90,96**—Georga Tedemann. **116**—Omaha World-Herald, Allentown Call-Chronicle Newspapers, California Photo Service.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MARK THURMOND
HOUSTON

A Texas A&M senior, Thurmond was named Most Valuable Pitcher at the World Amateur Baseball Championships, in Italy, in which the U.S. finished second to Cuba. The lefthander had a 3–0 record and allowed no earned runs in 25 innings.



LOU DROPINSKI
OMAHA

A retired electrical worker, Dropinski, 67, shot his age in the first round, then added scores of 77 and 76 to force a tie for the Nebraska Senior Men's Golf Championship on a par-67 course in Omaha. He beat Don Bridge on the third playoff hole.



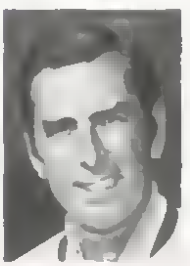
TODD PARTON
ALLENTOWN, PA.

In his first start, the Dieruff High senior wingback averaged almost 35 yards the five times he touched the ball. He rushed twice for 63, caught two passes for 91, returned a kickoff for 20 and scored three TDs in a 24–0 win over Liberty High.



DOROTHY FIGHTER
NORRISTOWN, PA.

Dorothy, a sophomore wing for the Shippensburg State field hockey team, had two goals and an assist in a 4–0 defeat of Susquehanna, which extended State's unbeaten streak to 25. She leads the team with five goals and three assists.



DELL SYLVIA
TAMPA

Sylvia, 48, won his fifth straight national men's clay-court singles title for teaching professionals 45 and over. The University of South Florida coach is ranked No. 1 by the U.S. Professional Tennis Association and is USPTA coach of the year.



DENNY JONES
CONCORD, CALIF.

Jones, 27, was named Most Valuable Player at the American Softball Association Major Slow-Pitch tournament in Elk Grove, Calif. In eight games he batted .829 with 18 home runs and 39 RBIs as he led Campbell's Carpets to the title.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

WATCHING THE POLLS

Sir:

I commend Walter Bingham on his recent article *Going to the Polls, Weakly* (Sept. 18). By now, everything that was said about the polls has come to pass.

First, after dropping to seventh in the AP following lackluster wins over "powerhouses" Temple and Rutgers, Penn State defeated a highly ranked Ohio State on television and moved up to No. 3. If Penn State was No. 3, then I have to believe that Temple deserved a place in the Top 20.

But the next week the sportswriters outdid themselves. Alabama, then No. 1, was beaten by USC. This left about six teams (Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma, Michigan, Southern Cal and Penn State) with a claim to the No. 1 ranking. Arkansas defeated Oklahoma State by 12. Texas defeated Wyoming by 14. Michigan defeated Notre Dame by 14. USC defeated Alabama by 10. Penn State defeated SMU by 5. And Oklahoma defeated perennial power Rice by 59. So who got No. 1? Oklahoma! Thanks for a fantastic and very accurate article.

Incideotally, on his television show after the Rice game, Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer used two of the excuses you cited for running up the score on the Owls.

RICK REED
Fort Smith, Ark.

Sir:

What has happened to the rule that if you are a major team and you beat No. 1 you become No. 1? After defeating Alabama, USC should have been first. We need a playoff system to determine a true national champion.

BOBBY NIX
RICK BRYANT
DAVID HARRISON
TIM PHILLIPS
Jasper, Ala.

Sir:

In the middle of Walter Bingham's otherwise terrific (not to mention accurate) article on the polls and pollsters, one glaring statement stands out. He said that Arkansas, No. 3 at the end of last season, had not made the AP or UPI preseason Top 20. This is true, but SI cannot claim to be more accurate—we didn't make your 1977 preseason Top 20 either!

WILLIAM MCNULLY
New Orleans

RECEIVING END

Sir:

Now, now, SI! I thought you knew more about Alabama football than you showed in your Oct. 2 article on the Alabama-USC game (*It Was Sum Game!*). The touchdown pass from Jeff Rutledge was caught by No. 87, freshman Tight End Bart Krout, not No. 77, All-America Linebacker Barry Krauss.

You might want to keep an eye on Krout. He reminds one a lot of Dave Casper, the former Notre Dame great who is now catching passes from former 'Bama great Ken Stabler.

BILLY R. GAUSE
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

MICHIGAN TRADITION

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on Michigan's victory over Notre Dame (*A Day Without Legendry*, Oct. 2), but I disagree with your comment that "Michigan was not in awe of tradition." Certainly Michigan was in awe of tradition—the tradition of Fielding Yost and Fritz Crisler and Tom Harmon! There is also the Michigan tradition of beating Notre Dame (10 out of 12) and the tradition of "Hail to the Victors!" Who did you think Notre Dame was playing, Ruckle-Buck U?

LARRY PONS
Livonia, Mich.

NC STATE'S BROWN

Sir:

After reading your half-sentence coverage of the Wolfpack-Mountaineer game, "North Carolina State downed independent West Virginia 29–15" (FOOTBALL'S WEEK, Oct. 2), we were furious to find that not one word was said about NC State Running Back Ted Brown's outstanding performance. Brown gained 158 yards rushing, 56 yards receiving and passed for 41 yards. Certainly 255 yards total offense merits some coverage. SI seems to have lost track of Ted's remarkable string of nine straight 100-yards-plus rushing games, including 251 yards against a historically stingy Penn State defense in 1977.

After four games this year Brown is averaging 154 yards rushing, 15.3 yards per reception and 22.4 yards per pass completion, with a passing accuracy of 71.4%. Ted has 45 career touchdowns (excluding bowl games), including runs of 95 and 81 yards. His 276 career points place him among the active scoring leaders in the NCAA. And his 3,868 career rushing yards put him ninth on the alltime list.

BRENT BUMGARNER
MARK REICH
DAVID HARRIS
RICHARD CREE
Raleigh, N.C.

COLGATE AND DELAWARE

Sir:

In the East section of FOOTBALL'S WEEK (Sept. 25), Herman Weiskopf stated that Colgate "had a 10–0 regular-season record last year." Not so! In last year's regular-season finale Colgate got knocked off by the University of Delaware's Fightin' Blue Hens, 21–3.

JOSEPH E. BACKER
JOHN J. DALEY III
Wilmington, Del.

KEEPING TABS ON GOODE

Sir:

I want to congratulate Bud Goode on finally hitting one point spread right on the nose. It took five weeks and 70 games to get there, but he finally made it. He called Pittsburgh by 11 over the Jets (Scouting Reports, Sept. 4). The Steelers won 28–17. I don't know how Goode and his computer figured out these point spreads, and I don't think he does either. With a record of one out of 70, he should switch to a new method. If the Jets' Richard Todd hadn't been injured for that game, Goode would still be batting .000.

BILL SCHULZ
Chesterfield, Mo.

Sir:

Phooey on Bud Goode and his computer! As stated in your pro football preview, "No team won a game [in '77] in which it threw 40 times or more." Well, on Oct. 1 Oakland's Ken Stabler put the ball into orbit 43 times against Chicago, and—Eureka!—the Raiders won. Goode and his Univac 1106 have been picking winners—not counting the spread—at only a 58% clip. I advise pulling the plug on Bud's computer.

RICH PARADISE
West Orange, N.J.

Sir:

Being a devoted Redskin fan, I have a suggestion for Bud Goode—punt!

CRAIG WIEN
Bethlehem, Pa.

• It seems only fair to give Goode credit for one thing: daring to pick the winner and predict the point differential of virtually every NFL game before the season, with its usual injuries and surprises, began. It's not quite the same as picking from week to week.—ED

REGGIE SMITH

Sir:

Ron Fimrite's unqualified assertion that Reggie Smith is the player most responsible for keeping the Dodgers in contention is ludicrous (*His Old Self Is on the Shelf*, Oct. 2). Looking at the 1978 record, one must come to the conclusion that Gold Glover Steve Garvey, with a .316 average, 202 hits and 113 RBIs (versus Smith's .295 average, 132 hits and 93 RBIs) not only is the Dodger's real MVP, but also must be the choice for Na-

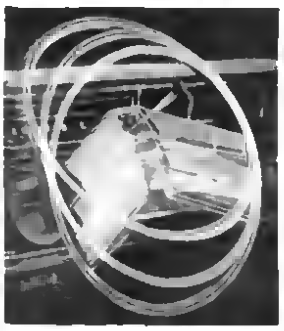
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tional League MVP honors. Smith's annual loss of playing time because of injuries, real or imagined, makes him a less valuable player than Garvey.

JAMES W. STRYKER
Los Angeles

Sir:

As a teen-ager, I followed the Red Sox during their impossible dream year of 1967. Reggie Smith was an outstanding rookie, and I was left with the indelible impression of a young ballplayer who took time after late-night games to rap with youngsters by his car. I was 14 years old and was amazed at the fact that not only did Reggie speak *to* us, but he also spoke *with* us as adults, with comradeship and respect. I have admired his self-discipline and poise ever since.

JOHN MCGILVRAY
Quincy, Mass.

BAMBERGER'S BREW

Sir:

You sure pulled a fast one on me! Just when I was convinced your magazine was published jointly by the New York Yankees and the Boston Red Sox, you go and print a story about a team that surprised the majors all year long, the Milwaukee Brewers. Larry Keith's *Reluctant, but Not Draggin'* (Oct. 2) was the article I had been looking for every week since the season began, and even though I had to wait until the last week, it was worth it.

I have followed the Brewers through many a season and, alas, many a manager, and can tell you that George Bamberger has performed miracles. He persuaded the players to believe in themselves, to care about every single pitch, and he has had faith enough to play them through slumps at the plate and sloppiness on the field. The Brewers are a team to be reckoned with next year.

JEFFREY R. HALLOIN
Eau Claire, Wis.

Sir:

Even when the Brewers were in second place, all we read in the national publications was, "Will the Yankees catch the Red Sox?" But the glorious summer days I spent in County Stadium made me realize that these Brewers were not the figment of my imagination but a solid, hard-hitting, fun-to-watch ball club. With all due respect to Jim Rice and Ron Guidry, the most valuable players in the AL are Larry Hisle and Mike Caldwell.

BOB BRASSER
Madison, Wis.

HAWAIIAN BIRDS

Sir:

Though an occasional reader, I have always admired the quality of your journalism. But Kenny Moore's article and Heinz Kluetmeier's photographs on Hawaiian birds (*If the Ie Ie Don't Get You, the A'a Will*, Sept. 25) made me feel lucky to have picked up this particular issue. I have only one criticism. I realize you're not *Natural History* or *Smithsonian* magazine, but I'd like to have seen more of those sensational photographs mentioned in the story.

RICHARD PELS
New York City

Sir:

I grew up on the island of Hawaii and frequently hiked on the slopes of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. Though the terrain is rugged, the species that inhabit it are sensitive to any alteration or disturbance. You bet I believe that picking the 'ohia-lehua flower will bring rain! After all, why ruin a beautiful clear sky by testing a "silly superstition."

MICHAEL MURANAKA
Newport, Ore.

NO TEPEES

Sir:

Jule Campbell's article (*High but Dry*, Sept. 18) was accurate as to the type of weather western Washington receives. The pictures were also excellent. However, the statement "At Shi-Shi Beach on Washington's Makah Indian Reservation, space-age tents nestle where tepees once stood" is erroneous. Because of the steady rainfall most of the year, tepees were never used in that area. My ancestors lived in longhouses made from cedar.

MIKE PARKER
Ithaca, N.Y.

HORSE LOVERS

Sir:

Thank you, Virginia Kraft and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED! I ran around to our local open-late markets, looking for a copy of your Sept. 25 issue and an article about the World Eventing Championships (*Jumping to a Thrilling Conclusion*). I loved that two-page coverage! I was a spectator in Kentucky but suffered the anguish of a trip back home to Colorado without being able to uncover so much as a line about the event in any major newspaper in four states. I was beginning to wonder if I had fallen off the end of this earth and landed in another one after I left the Kentucky Horse Park! How could 170,000 excited fans, a prince and noted equestrians from all over the world be overlooked? You folks have restored my faith. Bless you in 12 languages!

JEANETTA HODGES
Fort Collins, Colo.

Sir:

I was disappointed in your coverage of the World Eventing Championships. Seventy thousand attended the Spinks-Ali fight. An estimated 170,000 viewed the Three-Day Event. Muhammad Ali and Bruce Davidson are both current world champions. How many times has Ali made your cover? Davidson? You have treated the greatest equestrian event as a backyard horse show.

PATRICE C. WEBLER
Blue Bell, Pa.

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